

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

224 77.65.5
A
47



The Gift of
the Publishers,
Messrs Ticknor & Fields
of Boston,
Recd 13th Sept.
1856.

CAMBRIDGE
HARVARD
LIBRARY

First American Edition

BALLADS

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LVI.

22477.65.5
*
A
2154
47

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

AUG -4 1916

THESE Ballads have been written during the past fifteen years, and are now gathered by the author from his own books, and the various periodicals in which the pieces appeared originally. They are published simultaneously in England and America, — where a public, which has been interested in the writer's prose stories, he hopes may be kindly disposed to his little volume of verses.

BOSTON, 27th October, 1855.

CONTENTS.

BALLADS.

	PAGE
THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM,	1
THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT,	26
THE WHITE SQUALL,	38
PEG OF LIMAVADDY,	45
MAY DAY ODE,	53
THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE,	60
THE MAHOGANY TREE,	64
THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS,	67
THE PEN AND THE ALBUM,	71
LUCY'S BIRTHDAY,	75
THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR,	77
PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX,	81

RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS, ... 84
AT THE CHURCH GATE, ... 86
THE AGE OF WISDOM, ... 88
SORROWS OF WERTHER, ... 90
THE LAST OF MAY, ... 92
LOVE SONGS MADE EASY:
WHAT MAKES MY HEART TO THRILL AND GLOW? . . 94
THE GHAZUL, OR ORIENTAL LOVE SONG:
THE ROCKS, ... 98
THE MERRY BARD, ... 99
THE CAIQUE, ... 100
FOUR GERMAN DITTIES:
A TRAGIC STORY, ... 102
THE CHAPLET, ... 103
THE KING ON THE TOWER, ... 105
TO A VERY OLD WOMAN, ... 106
IMITATION OF HORACE:
TO HIS SERVING BOY, ... 108
AD MINISTRAM, ... 109
AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE:
THE KNIGHTLY GUERDON, ... 110
THE ALMACK'S ADIEU, ... 112
THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA OF KIOFF, ... 114
TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENSE, ... 146

LYRA HYBERNICA:

THE PIMLICO PAVILION, ... 152

THE CRYSTAL PALACE, ... 156

MOLONY'S LAMENT, ... 163

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY, ... 167

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK, ... 171

THE BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X.:

THE WOLFE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY AND MARY BROWN, ... 176

THE THREE CHRISTMAS WAITS, ... 179

LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT, ... 187

THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS, ... 193

DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS, ... 199

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY, ... 204

JACOB OMNIUM'S HOSS, ... 208

THE SPECULATORS, ... 215

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE FOUNDLING OF SHOREDITCH, ... 218

THE END OF THE PLAY, ... 224

BALLADS.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

PART I.

At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,
Whoever will choose to repair,
'Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors,
May haply fall in with old Pierre.
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern,
He sits and he prates of old wars,
And moistens his pipe of tobacco
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
And as long as his tap never fails,
Thus over his favorite liquor
Old Peter will tell his old tales.
Says he, "In my life's ninety summers,
Strange changes and chances I've seen, —
So here's to all gentlemen drummers
That ever have thumped on a skin.

"Brought up in the art military
For four generations we are;
My ancestors drummed for King Harry,
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.
And as each man in life has his station,
According as Fortune may fix,
While Condé was waving the baton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

"Ah! those were the days for commanders!
What glories my grandfather won,
Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders,
The fortunes of France had undone!
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland, —
What foeman resisted us then?
No; my grandsire was ever victorious,
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

"He died, and our noble battalions
The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook;
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
The victory lay with Malbrook.
The news it was brought to King Louis;
Corbleu! how his majesty swore,
When he heard they had taken my grandsire,
And twelve thousand gentlemen more!

"At Namurs, Ramillies, and Malplaquet
Were we posted, on plain or in trench;
Malbrook only need to attack it,
And away from him scampered we French.
Cheer up! 'tis no use to be glum, boys, —
'Tis written, since fighting begun,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.

"To fight and to run was our fate;
Our fortune and fame had departed;
And so perished Louis the Great, —
Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted.
His coffin they pelted with mud,
His body they tried to lay hands on;
And so having buried King Louis
They loyally served his great-grandson.

"God save the beloved King Louis!
(For so he was nicknamed by some,)
And now came my father to do his
King's orders, and beat on the drum.
My grandsire was dead, but his bones
Must have shaken, I'm certain, for joy,
To hear Daddy drumming the English
From the meadows of famed Fontenoy.

"So well did he drum in that battle,
That the enemy showed us their backs;
Corbleu! it was pleasant to rattle
The sticks, and to follow old Saxe!
We next had Soubise as a leader,
And as luck hath its changes and fits,
At Rossbach, in spite of Dad's drumming,
'Tis said we were beaten by Fritz.

"And now Daddy crossed the Atlantic,
To drum for Montcalm and his men;
Morbleu! but it makes a man frantic,
To think we were beaten again!
My daddy he crossed the wide ocean,
My mother brought me on her neck,
And we came in the year fifty-seven
To guard the good town of Quebec.

"In the year fifty-nine came the Britons, —
Full well I remember the day, —
They knocked at our gates for admittance,
Their vessels were moored in our bay.
Says our general, "Drive me yon red-coats
Away to the sea, whence they come!"
So we marched against Wolfe and his bull-dogs,
We marched at the sound of the drum.

"I think I can see my poor mammy
With me in her hand as she waits,
And our regiment, slowly retreating,
Pours back through the citadel gates.
Dear mammy, she looks in their faces,
And asks if her husband is come.
— He is lying all cold on the glacis,
And will never more beat on the drum.

"Come, drink, 'tis no use to be glum, boys;
He died like a soldier — in glory;
Here's a glass to the health of all drum boys,
And now I'll commence my own story.
Once more did we cross the salt ocean;
We came in the year eighty-one;
And the wrongs of my father the drummer
Were avenged by the drummer his son.

"In Chesapeake Bay we were landed;
In vain strove the British to pass;
Rochambeau our armies commanded,
Our ships they were led by De Grasse.
Morbleu! how I rattled the drumsticks,
The day we marched into Yorktown!
Ten thousand of beef-eating British
Their weapons we caused to lay down.

"Then homewards returning victorious,
In peace to our country we came,
And were thanked for our glorious actions
By Louis Sixteenth of the name.
What drummer on earth could be prouder
Than I, while I drummed at Versailles
To the lovely court ladies in powder,
And lappets, and long satin tails?

"The princes that day passed before us,
Our countrymen's glory and hope;
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,
D'Artois, who could dance the tight rope.
One night we kept guard for the queen,
At her majesty's opera box,
While the king, that majestical monarch,
Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drummed for the fair Antoinette;
And so smiling she looked, and so tender,
That our officers, privates, and drummers,
All vowed they would die to defend her.
But she cared not for us honest fellows,
Who fought and who bled in her wars;
She sneered at our gallant Rochambeau,
And turned Lafayette out of doors.

"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath
No more to such tyrants to kneel;
And so just to keep up my drumming,
One day I drummed down the Bastile!
Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine;
Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,
And drink to the year eighty-nine,
And the glorious fourth of July!

"Then bravely our cannon it thundered,
As onwards our patriots bore;
Our enemies were but a hundred,
And we twenty thousand or more.
They carried the news to King Louis,
He heard it as calm as you please;
And like a majestical monarch,
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

"We showed our republican courage,
We stormed and we broke the great gate in,
And we murdered the insolent governor
For daring to keep us a waiting.
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by;
They never stirred finger or thumb;
The saucy aristocrats trembled
As they heard the republican drum.

"Hurrah! what a storm was a brewing!
The day of our vengeance was come;
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin
Did I beat on the patriot drum!
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August;
At midnight I beat the tattoo,
And woke up the pikemen of Paris,
To follow the bold Barbaroux.

"With pikes, and with shouts, and with torches,
Marched onwards our dusty battalions;
And we girt the tall castle of Louis,
A million of tatterdemalions!
We stormed the fair gardens where towered
The walls of his heritage splendid;
Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,
That had not the heart to defend it!

"With the crown of his sires on his head,
His nobles and knights by his side,
At the foot of his ancestors' palace
'Twere easy, methinks, to have died.
But no; when we burst through his barriers,
'Mid heaps of the dying and dead,
In vain through the chambers we sought him, —
He had turned like a craven and fled.

* * *

"You all know the Place de la Concorde?
'Tis hard by the Tuilerie wall;
'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
There rises an obelisk tall.
There rises an obelisk tall;
All garnished and gilded the base is;
'Tis surely the gayest of all
Our beautiful city's gay places.

"Around it are gardens and flowers,
And the cities of France on their thrones,
Each crowned with his circlet of flowers,
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,
The flowers and fountains to see,
And to think of the deeds that were done there,
In the glorious year ninety-three.

"'Twas here stood the altar of freedom,
And though neither marble nor gilding
Were used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,
Corbleu! but the MERE GUILLOTINE
Cared little for splendor or show,
So you gave her an axe and a beam,
And a plank and a basket or so.

"Awful, and proud, and erect
Here sate our republican goddess;
Each morning her table we decked
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.
The people each day flocked around,
As she sat at her meat and her wine;
'Twas always the use of our nation
To witness the sovereign dine.

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-haired prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.
Ventrebleu! but we pampered our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And called for the head of a king!

"She called for the blood of our king,
And straight from his prison we drew him;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
'The monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance;
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'

"I see him as now, for a moment,
Away from his jailers he broke,
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
And lingered, and fain would have spoke.
'Ho, drummer! quick! silence yon Capet,'
Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your drum;'
Lustily then did I tap it,
And the son of St. Louis was dumb."

* * *

PART II.

"THE glorious days of September
Saw many aristocrats fall;
'Twas then that our pikes drunk the blood,
In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.
Pardi, 'twas a beautiful lady!
I seldom have looked on her like;
And I drummed for a gallant procession,
That marched with her head on a pike.

"Let's show the pale head to the queen,
We said — she'll remember it well;
She looked from the bars of her prison,
And shrieked as she saw it, and fell.
We set up a shout at her screaming,
We laughed at the fright she had shown
At the sight of the head of her minion;
How she'd tremble to part with her own!

"We had taken the head of King Capet,
We called for the blood of his wife;
Undaunted she came to the scaffold,
And bared her fair neck to the knife.
As she felt the foul fingers that touched her,
She shrunk, but she deigned not to speak,
She looked with a royal disdain,
And died with a blush on her cheek!

"'Twas thus that our country was saved;
So told us the safety committee!
But psha! I've the heart of a soldier,
All gentleness, mercy, and pity.
I loathed to assist at such deeds,
And my drum beat its loudest of tunes
As we offered to justice offended
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

"Away with such foul recollections!
No more of the axe and the block;
I saw the last fight of the sections,
As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint Rock.
Young Bonaparte led us that day;
When he sought the Italian frontier,
I followed my gallant young captain,
I followed him many a long year.

"We came to an army in rags,
Our general was but a boy,
When we first saw the Austrian flags
Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.
In the glorious year ninety-six,
We marched to the banks of the Po;
I carried my drum and my sticks,
And we laid the proud Austrian low.

'In triumph we entered Milan,
We seized on the Mantuan keys;
The troops of the Emperor ran,
And the Pope he fell down on his knees."—
Pierre's comrades here called a fresh bottle,
And clubbing together their wealth,
They drank to the Army of Italy,
And General Bonaparte's health.

The drummer now bared his old breast,
And showed us a plenty of scars,
Rude presents that fortune had made him,
In fifty victorious wars.
"This came when I followed bold Kleber—
'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun;
And this from an Austrian sabre,
When the field of Marengo was won.

"My forehead has many deep furrows,
But this is the deepest of all;
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,
Beside the fair river of Saal.
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it;
(God bless him!) it covers a blow;
I had it at Austerlitz fight,
As I beat on my drum in the snow.

"'Twas thus that we conquered and fought;
But wherefore continue the story?
There's never a baby in France
But has heard of our chief and our glory, —
But has heard of our chief and our fame,
His sorrows and triumphs can tell,
How bravely Napoleon conquered,
How bravely and sadly he fell.

"It makes my old heart to beat higher,
To think of the deeds that I saw;
I followed bold Ney through the fire,
And charged at the side of Murat."
And so did old Peter continue
His story of twenty brave years;
His audience followed with comments —
Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain
Had died in defence of their land;
His audience laughed at the story,
And vowed that their captain was grand!
He had fought the red English, he said,
In many a battle of Spain;
They cursed the red English, and prayed
To meet them and fight them again.

He told them how Russia was lost,
Had winter not driven them back;
And his company cursed the quick frost,
And doubly they cursed the Cossack.
He told how the stranger arrived;
They wept at the tale of disgrace;
And they longed but for one battle more,
The stain of their shame to efface!

"Our country their hordes overrun,
We fled to the fields of Champagne,
And fought them, though twenty to one,
And beat them again and again!
Our warrior was conquered at last;
They bade him his crown to resign;
To fate and his country he yielded
The rights of himself and his line.

"He came, and among us he stood,
Around him we pressed in a throng,
We could not regard him for weeping,
Who had led us and loved us so long.
'I have led you for twenty long years,'
Napoleon said ere he went;
'Wherever was honor I found you,
And with you, my sons, am content.

"'Though Europe against me was armed,
Your chiefs and my people are true;
I still might have struggled with fortune,
And baffled all Europe with you.

"'But France would have suffered the while;
'Tis best that I suffer alone;
I go to my place of exile,
To write of the deeds we have done.

"'Be true to the king that they give you;
We may not embrace ere we part;
But, General, reach me your hand,
And press me, I pray, to your heart.'

"He called for our old battle standard;
One kiss to the eagle he gave.

'Dear eagle!' he said, 'may this kiss
Long sound in the hearts of the brave!'
'Twas thus that Napoleon left us;
Our people were weeping and mute,
And he passed through the lines of his guard,
And our drums beat the notes of salute.

* * *

"I looked when the drumming was o'er,
I looked, but our hero was gone;
We were destined to see him once more,
When we fought on the Mount of St. John.
The Emperor rode through our files;
'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn;
The lines of our warriors for miles
Stretched wide through the Waterloo corn.

"In thousands we stood on the plain;
The red coats were crowning the height;
'Go scatter yon English,' he said;
'We'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.'
We answered his voice with a shout;
Our eagles were bright in the sun;
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,
And the thundering battle begun.

"One charge to another succeeds,
Like waves that a hurricane bears;
All day do our galloping steeds
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares.
At noon we began the fell onset;
We charged up the Englishman's hill;
And madly we charged it at sunset —
His banners were floating there still.

"— Go to! I will tell you no more;
You know how the battle was lost.
Ho! fetch me a beaker of wine,
And, comrades, I'll give you a toast.
I'll give you a curse on all traitors,
Who plotted our Emperor's ruin;
And a curse on those red-coated English,
Whose bayonets helped our undoing.

"A curse on those British assassins
Who ordered the slaughter of Ney;
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured
The life of our hero away.
A curse on all Russians — I hate them —
On all Prussian and Austrian fry;
And, O! but I pray we may meet them,
And fight them again ere I die."

'Twas thus old Peter did conclude
His chronicle with curses fit.
He spoke the tale in accents rude,
In ruder verse I copied it.

Perhaps the tale a moral bears,
(All tales in time to this must come,)
The story of two hundred years
Writ on the parchment of a drum.

What Peter told with drum and stick,
Is endless theme for poet's pen:
Is found in endless quartos thick,
Enormous books by learned men.

And ever since historian writ,
And ever since a bard could sing,
Doth each exalt, with all his wit,
The noble art of murdering.

We love to read the glorious page,
How bold Achilles killed his foe,
And Turnus, felled by Trojans' rage,
Went howling to the shades below.

How Godfrey led his red-cross knights,
How mad Orlando slashed and slew;
There's not a single bard that writes,
But doth the glorious theme renew.

And while in fashion picturesque,
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,
The grave historian, at his desk,
Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Cox;
You'll duly see recorded there
The history of the self-same knocks
Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Of battles fierce and warriors big,
He writes in phrases dull and slow,
And waves his cauliflower wig,
And shouts, "Saint George for Marlborow!"

Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,
An LL. D., — a peaceful man;
Good Lord, how doth he plume himself,
Because we beat the Corsican!

From first to last his page is filled
With stirring tales how blows were struck.
He shows how we the Frenchmen killed,
And praises God for our good luck.

Some hints, 'tis true, of politics
The doctors give, and statesman's art;
Pierre only bangs his drum and sticks,
And understands the bloody part.

He cares not what the cause may be,
He is not nice for wrong and right;
But show him where's the enemy,
He only asks to drum and fight.

They bid him fight, — perhaps he wins;
And when he tells the story o'er,
The honest savage brags and grins,
And only longs to fight once more.

But luck may change, and valor fail,
Our drummer, Peter, meet reverse,
And with a moral points his tale —
The end of all such tales — a curse.

Last year, my love, it was my hap
Behind a grenadier to be,
And, but he wore a hairy cap,
No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot,
(Be blessings on the glorious pair!)
Before us passed, I saw them not,
I only saw a cap of hair.

Your orthodox historian puts
In foremost rank the soldier thus,
The red-coat bully in his boots,
That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank,
You wonder at his cap of hair:
You hear his sabre's cursed clank,
His spurs are jingling every where.

Go to! I hate him and his trade:
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
To such as him subservient?

Tell me what find we to admire
In epaulets and scarlet coats,
In men because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats?

* * * * *

Ah, gentle, tender lady mine!
The winter wind blows cold and shrill,
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,
And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,
How kings and heroes rise and fall?
Look yonder; * in his coffin black,
There lies the greatest of them all!

* This ballad was written at Paris, at the time of the second funeral of Napoleon.

To pluck him down, and keep him up,
 Died many million human souls;
'Tis twelve o'clock, and time to sup,
 Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns;
 He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
 The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
 He died without a rood his own;
And borrowed from his enemies
 Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
 And more than half the world was his,
And somewhere, now, in yonder stars,
 Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT.

THE noble king of Brentford
Was old and very sick;
He summoned his physicians
To wait upon him quick;
They stepped into their coaches,
And brought their best physick.

They crammed their gracious master
With potion and with pill;
They drenched him and they bled him:
They could not cure his ill.
"Go fetch," says he, "my lawyer;
I'd better make my will."

The monarch's royal mandate
The lawyer did obey;
The thought of six-and-eightpence
Did make his heart full gay.
"What is't," says he, "your majesty
Would wish of me to-day?"

"The doctors have belabored me
With potion and with pill:
My hours of life are counted,
O man of tape and quill!
Sit down and mend a pen or two,
I want to make my will.

"O'er all the land of Brentford
I'm lord and eke of Kew:
I've three per cents and five per cents;
My debts are but a few;
And to inherit after me
I have but children two.

"Prince Thomas is my eldest son,
A sober prince is he;
And from the day we breeched him,
Till now he's twenty-three,
He never caused disquiet
To his poor mamma or me.

"At school they never flogged him;
At college, though not fast,
Yet his little go and great go
He creditably passed,
And made his year's allowance
For eighteen months to last.

"He never owed a shilling,
Went never drunk to bed,
He has not two ideas
Within his honest head;
In all respects he differs
From my second son, Prince Ned.

"When Tom has half his income
Laid by at the year's end,
Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver
That rightly he may spend,
But sponges on a tradesman,
Or borrows from a friend.

"While Tom his legal studies
Most soberly pursues,
Poor Ned must pass his mornings
A-dawdling with the Muse;
While Tom frequents his banker,
Young Ned frequents the Jews.

"Ned drives about in buggies,
Tom sometimes takes a 'bus;
Ah, cruel fate, why made you
My children differ thus?
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,
And Ned a *genius*?"

"You'll cut him with a shilling,"
Exclaimed the man of wits:
"I'll leave my wealth," said Brentford,
"Sir Lawyer, as befits;
And portion both their fortunes
Unto their several wits."

"Your grace knows best," the lawyer said,
"On your commands I wait."
"Be silent, sir," says Brentford,
"A plague upon your prate!
Come, take you pen and paper,
And write as I dictate."

The will, as Brentford spoke it,
Was writ, and signed, and closed;
He bade the lawyer leave him,
And turned him round, and dozed;
And next week in the churchyard
The good old king reposed.

Tom, dressed in crape and hatband,
Of mourners was the chief;
In bitter self-upbraidings
Poor Edward showed his grief;
Tom hid his fat, white countenance
In his pocket handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,
He faltered in his walk;
Tom never shed a tear,
But onwards he did stalk,
As pompous, black, and solemn,
As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford —
That gentle king and just —
With bell, and book, and candle,
Were duly laid in dust,
"Now, gentlemen," says Thomas,
"Let business be discussed.

"When late our sire beloved
Was taken deadly ill,
Sir Lawyer, you attended him,
(I mean to tax your bill;)
And, as you signed and wrote it,
I pr'ythee read the will."

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,
And drew the parchment out;
And all the Brentford family
Sat eager round about:
Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,
But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

"My son, as I make ready
To seek my last long home,
Some cares I had for Neddy,
But none for thee, my Tom:
Sobriety and order
You ne'er departed from.

"Ned hath a brilliant genius,
And thou a plodding brain;
On thee I think with pleasure,
On him with doubt and pain."
("You see, good Ned," says Thomas,
"What he thought about us twain.")

"Though small was your allowance,
You saved a little store;
And those who save a little
Shall get a plenty more."
As the lawyer read this compliment,
Tom's eyes were running o'er.

"The tortoise and the hare, Tom,
Set out, at each his pace;
The hare it was the fleeter,
The tortoise won the race;
And since the world's beginning,
This ever was the case.

"Ned's genius, blithe and singing,
Steps gayly o'er the ground;
As steadily you trudge it,
He clears it with a bound;
But dullness has stout legs, Tom,
And wind that's wondrous sound.

"O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,
You pass with plodding feet;
You heed not one nor t'other,
But onwards go your beat,
While genius stops to loiter
With all that he may meet;

"And ever, as he wanders,
Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine.

"Your little steady eyes, Tom,
Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
Your flashing genius throws,
Are excellently suited
To look before your nose.

"Thank heaven, then, for the blinkers
It placed before your eyes;
The stupidest are weakest,
The witty are not wise;
O, bless your good stupidity,
It is your dearest prize!

"And though my lands are wide,
And plenty is my gold,
Still better gifts from Nature,
My Thomas, do you hold—
A brain that's thick and heavy,
A heart that's dull and cold;

"Too dull to feel depression,
Too hard to heed distress,
Too cold to yield to passion,
Or silly tenderness.
March on—your road is open
To wealth, Tom, and success.

"Ned sinneth in extravagance,
And you in greedy lust."
("I' faith," says Ned, "our father
Is less polite than just.")
"In you, son Tom, I've confidence,
But Ned I cannot trust.

"Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,
My parks, my farms, and orchards,
My houses and my rents,
My Dutch stock, and my Spanish stock,
My five and three per cents;

"I leave to you, my Thomas — "
("What, all?" poor Edward said;
"Well, well, I should have spent them,
And Tom's a prudent head.")
"I leave to you, my Thomas, —
To you, IN TRUST for Ned."

The wrath and consternation
What poet e'er could trace
That at this fatal passage
Came o'er Prince Tom his face;
The wonder of the company,
And honest Ned's amaze!

"'Tis surely some mistake,"
Good-naturedly cries Ned;
The lawyer answered gravely,
"'Tis even as I said;
'Twas thus his gracious majesty
Ordained on his death bed.

"See, here the will is witnessed,
And here's his autograph."
"In truth, our father's writing,"
Says Edward, with a laugh;
"But thou shalt not be loser, Tom,
We'll share it half and half."

"Alas! my kind young gentleman,
This sharing cannot be;
'Tis written in the testament
That Brentford spoke to me,
'I do forbid Prince Ned to give
Prince Tom a halfpenny.

"'He hath a store of money,
But ne'er was known to lend it;
He never helped his brother;
The poor he ne'er befriended;

He hath no need of property
Who knows not how to spend it.

"'Poor Edward knows but how to spend,
And thrifty Tom to hoard;
Let Thomas be the steward then,
And Edward be the lord;
And as the honest laborer
Is worthy his reward,

"'I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
And my successor dear,
To pay to his intendant
Five hundred pounds a year;
And to think of his old father,
And live and make good cheer.'"

Such was old Brentford's honest testament;
He did devise his moneys for the best,
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent;
But his good sire was wrong, it is confessed,
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.
He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured,
O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew;
But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
And when both died, as mortal men will do,
'Twas commonly reported that the steward
Was very much the richer of the two.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It is the gray of dawning,
 Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting —
I envied their disporting —
Vainly I was courting
 The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
 That shot across the deck;

And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.
Strange company we harbored:
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered —
Jews black, and brown, and gray.

With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did nought but scratch and pray.
Their dirty children puking —
Their dirty saucepans cooking —
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were —
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were —
Enormous wide their breeks were —
Their pipes did puff away;

Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling —
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave *Iberia* bowling
Before the break of day ——

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;

And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal,
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorrored;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sung "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them;
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up,
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins;)
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gabardine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the white squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,
Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle;
And oft we've thought hereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY AND WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea, —
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty)
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul,
Shivering and sad he
Bumped along the road—
Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretched around,
Gloomy was their tinting,
And the horse's hoofs
Made a dismal clinting;
Wind upon the heath
Howling was and piping,

On the heath and bog,
 Black with many a snipe in;
'Mid the bogs of black,
 Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
 Picking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
 Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
 Leads to Limavaddy.
Through the crashing woods
 Autumn brawled and blustered,
Tossing round about
 Leaves the hue of mustard;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
 Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with mist
 Lake, and shores, and shipping.
Up and down the hill
 (Nothing could be bolder)
Horse went with a raw,
 Bleeding on his shoulder.
"Where are horses changed?"
 Said I to the laddy
Driving on the box:
 "Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn's
 But a humble baithouse,
Where you may procure
 Whiskey and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
 Gives a smiling welcome
To the shivering wights
 Who to his hotel come.
Landlady within
 Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
 Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook
 Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
 Playing with two kittens;
(Playing round the fire,
 Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
 Which bubbles with the murphies;)
And the cradled babe
 Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
 As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
 Two more young ones patter,
(Twins were never seen
 Dirtier nor fatter;)
Both have mottled legs,
 Both have snubby noses,
Both have — here the host
 Kindly interposes:
"Sure you must be froze
 With the sleet and hail, sir;
So will you have some punch,
 Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
 Enters with the liquor,
(Half a pint of ale
 Frothing in a beaker.)
Gads! I didn't know
 What my beating heart meant;
Hebe's self I thought
 Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
 And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honor,
 Lighted all the kitchen!

With a courtesy neat
 Greeting the new comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
 Offers me the rummer;
But my trembling hand
 Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
 Every drop I spilt it —
Spilt it every drop
 (Dames who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word)
 On my what-d'ye-call-ems!

Witnessing the sight
 Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
 Missis, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal,
 'Specially Miss Peg's was,
(As the glass of ale
 Trickling down my legs was,)
That the joyful sound
 Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
 Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!
In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening;
You who ever heard
Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel,
Singing "Giovinetti;"
Fancy Peggy's laugh,
Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
At my pantaloons
With half a pint of beer full!

When the laugh was done,
Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
Wonderfully busy;
Now she looks to see
If the kettle keep hot;
Now she rubs the spoons,
Now she cleans the tea-pot;
Now she sets the cups
Trimly and secure;
Now she scours a pot,
And so it was I drew her.

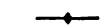
Thus it was I drew her
 Scouring of a kettle,
(Faith! her blushing cheeks
 Reddened on the metal!)
Ah! but 'tis in vain
 That I try to sketch it;
The pot perhaps is like,
 But Peggy's face is wretched.
No, the best of lead,
 And of Indian rubber,
Never could depict
 That sweet kettle scrubber!

See her as she moves!
 Scarce the ground she touches;
Airy as a fay,
 Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
 Bare her little leg is;
Vestris never showed
 Ankles like to Peggy's;
Braided is her hair,
 Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist,
 Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare,
Happy is the laddy
Who the heart can share
Of Peg of Limavaddy;
Married if she were,
Blest would be the daddy
Of the children fair
Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Beauty is not rare
In the land of Paddy;
Fair beyond compare
Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
Tory, Whig, or Radical would all desire
Peg of Limavaddy.
Had I Homer's fire,
Or that of Serjeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
Peg of Limavaddy!

MAY DAY ODE.



But yesterday a naked sod,
The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
And cantered o'er it to and fro;
And see, 'tis done!
As though 'twere by a wizard's rod
A blazing arch of lucid glass
Leaps like a fountain from the grass,
To meet the sun!

A quiet green but few days since,
With cattle browsing in the shade,
And here are lines of bright arcade
In order raised!
A palace, as for fairy Prince,
A rare pavilion, such as man
Saw never, since mankind began
And built and glazed!

A peaceful place it was but now,
And lo! within its shining streets
A multitude of nations meets;
A countless throng,
I see beneath the crystal bow,
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,
Each with his native handiwork
And busy tongue.

I felt a thrill of love and awe
To mark the different garb of each;
The changing tongue, the various speech
Together blent.
A thrill, methinks, like His who saw
"All people dwelling upon earth
Praising our God with solemn mirth
And one consent."

High sovereign, in your Royal state,
Captains, and chiefs, and councillors,
Before the lofty palace doors
Are open set;
Hush! ere you pass the shining gate;
Hush! ere the heaving curtain draws,
And let the Royal pageant pause
A moment yet.

People and prince a silence keep!
Bow coronet and kingly crown,
Helmet and plume, bow lowly down,
The while the priest,
Before the splendid portal step,
(While still the wondrous banquet stays,)
From Heaven supreme a blessing prays
Upon the feast.

Then onwards let the triumph march;
Then let the loud artillery roll,
And trumpets ring, and joy-bells toll,
And pass the gate.
Pass underneath the shining arch,
'Neath which the leafy elms are green;
Ascend unto your throne, O queen!
And take your state.

Behold her in her Royal place;
A gentle lady; and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face,
She breathes amen to prayer and hymn;
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores
The winds of Austral winter sweep,
And thousands lie in midnight sleep,
At rest to-day.
O! awful is that crown of yours,
Queen of innumerable realms,
Sitting beneath the budding elms
Of English May!

A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear,
Strange mystery of God which set
Upon her brow yon coronet, —
The foremost crown
Of all the world on one so fair!
That chose her to it from her birth,
And bade the sons of all the earth
To her bow down.

The representatives of man
Here from the far Antipodes,
And from the subject Indian seas,
In Congress meet;
From Afric and from Hindustan,
From Western continent and isle,
The envoys of her empire pile
Gifts at her feet.

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,
Loading the gallant decks, which once
Roared a defiance to our guns,
With peaceful store;
Symbol of peace, their vessel rides! *
O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,
And firm their friendly anchors gripe
The father shore!

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,
As rivers from their sources gush,
The swelling floods of nations rush,
And seaward pour:
From coast to coast in friendly chain,
With countless ships we bridge the straits,
And angry ocean separates
Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile —
From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,
In England's ark assembled thus
Are friend and guest.
Look down the mighty sunlit aisle,

* The U. S. Frigate St. Lawrence.

And see the sumptuous banquet set,
The brotherhood of nations met
Around the feast!

Along the dazzling colonnade,
Far as the straining eye can gaze,
Gleam cross and fountain, bell and vase,
In vistas bright.
And statues fair of nymph and maid,
And steeds and pards and Amazons,
Writhing and grappling in the bronze,
In endless fight.

To deck the glorious roof and dome,
To make the Queen a canopy,
The peaceful hosts of industry
Their standards bear.
Yon are the works of Brahmin loom;
On such a web of Persian thread
The desert Arab bows his head,
And cries his prayer.

Look yonder where the engines toil;
These England's arms of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war:
Brave weapons these.

Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills,
And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,
The shuttle whirrs along the woof,
The people hum from floor to roof,
With Babel tongue.
The fountain in the basin plays,
The chanting organ echoes clear,
An awful chorus 'tis to hear,
A wondrous song!

Swell, organ, swell your trumpet blast,
March, Queen and Royal pageant, march
By splendid aisle and springing arch
Of this fair Hall;
And see! above the fabric vast,
God's boundless Heaven is bending blue,
God's peaceful sunlight is beaming through,
Shines over all.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des petits Champs its name is —
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, muscles, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter; nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder; —
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner.
So honest TERRÉ's run his race?"
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one." "That I can, sir;
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So TERRÉ's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage;
 There's laughing TOM is laughing yet;
There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage;
 There's poor old FRED in the Gazette;
On JAMES's head the grass is growing:
 Good Lord! The world has wagged apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
 And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
 I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
 In this same place — but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
 — There's no one now to share my cup.

* * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
 In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
 And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
 — Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

THE MAHOGANY TREE.



CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup. —
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS.

[" A surgeon of the United States army says, that on inquiring of the Captain of his company, he found *that nine tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of some female difficulty."] — *Morning Paper.*

Ye Yankee volunteers!
It makes my bosom bleed
When I your story read,
Though oft 'tis told one.
So — in both hemispheres
The women are untrue,
And cruel in the New,
As in the Old one!

What — in this company
Of sixty sons of Mars,
Who march 'neath Stripes and Stars,
With fife and horn,
Nine tenths of all we see
Along the warlike line
Had but one cause to join
This Hope Forlorn?

Deserters from the realm
Where tyrant Venus reigns,
You slipped her wicked chains,
Fled and out-ran her.
And now, with sword and helm,
Together banded are
Beneath the Stripe and Star-
embroidered banner!

And is it so with all
The warriors ranged in line,
With lace bedizened fine
And swords gold-hilted —
Yon lusty corporal,
Yon color-man who gripes
The flag of Stars and Stripes —
Has each been jilted?

Come, each man of this line,
The privates strong and tall,
"The pioneers and all,"
The fifer nimble —
Lieutenant and Ensign,
Captain with epaulets,
And Blacky there, who beats
The clanging cymbal —

O cymbal-beating black,
Tell us, as thou canst feel,
Was it some Lucy Neal
Who caused thy ruin?
O nimble fifing Jack,
And drummer making din
So deftly on the skin,
With thy rat-tattooing.

Confess, ye volunteers,
Lieutenant and Ensign,
And Captain of the line,
As bold as Roman —
Confess, ye grenadiers,
However strong and tall,
The Conqueror of you all
Is Woman, Woman!

No corselet is so proof,
But through it from her bow,
The shafts that she can throw
Will pierce and rankle.
No champion e'er so tough,
But's in the struggle thrown,
And tripped and trodden down
By her slim ankle.

Thus, always it was ruled,
And when a woman smiled,
The strong man was a child,
The sage a noodle.
Alcides was befooled,
And silly Samson shorn,
Long, long ere you were born,
Poor Yankee Doodle!

THE PEN AND THE ALBUM.

"I AM Miss Catherine's book" (the Album speaks);
"I've lain among your tomes these many weeks;
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

"Quick, Pen! and write a line with a good grace;
Come! draw me off a funny little face;
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place."

PEN.

I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen;
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

O Album! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,
Lord, how your pretty pages I'd amaze!

ALBUM.

His ways? his thoughts? Just whisper me a few;
Tell me a curious anecdote or two,
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do!

PEN.

Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

* * *

I've helped him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

I've spoke with men of all degree and sort —
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court;
O, but I've chronicled a deal of sport.

Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last — I've answered all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Day after day the labor's to be done,
And sure as comes the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

* * * *

Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
Where soft hearts greet us whensoe'er we come.

Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

Kind lady! till my last of lines is penned,
My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,
Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend!

Not all are so that were so in past years;
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears;
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

So be it: — joys will end and tears will dry
Album! my master bids me wish good by;
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

And thus with thankful heart he closes you;
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.

LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

SEVENTEEN rosebuds in a ring,
Thick with sister flowers beset,
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it the birthday wreath she wears
Fresh and fair, and symbolling
The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her spring.

Types of youth and love and hope!
Friendly hearts your mistress greet,
Be you ever fair and sweet,
And grow lovelier as you ope!
Gentle nursling, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite, or winds that blow!

Kindly has your life begun,
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.
And where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place;
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all cracked,)
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn;
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms;
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place;
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone —
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair —
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair;
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX.

LINES WRITTEN TO AN ALBUM PRINT.

As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook,
As though it were a novel-book,
Amuses and engages;
I know them both, the boy and girl;
She is the daughter of the Earl,
The lad (that has his hair in curl,)
My lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair;
The fields lie basking in the glare;
No breath of wind the heavy air
Of lazy summer quickens.
Hard by, you see the castle tall;
The village nestles round the wall,
As round about the hen, its small
Young progeny of chickens.

It is too hot to pace the keep;
To climb the turret is too steep;
My lord the Earl is dosing deep,
His noonday dinner over;
The postern-warder is asleep,
(Perhaps they've bribed him not to peep,)
And so from out the gate they creep,
And cross the fields of clover.

Their lines into the brook they launch;
He lays his cloak upon a branch,
To guarantee his Lady Blanche
's delicate complexion:
He takes his rapier from his haunch,
That beardless doughty champion staunch;
He'd drill it through the rival's paunch
That questioned his affection!

O heedless pair of sportsmen slack!
You never mark, though trout or jack,
Or little foolish tickleback,
Your baited snares may capture.
What care has *she* for line and hook?
She turns her back upon the brook,
Upon her lover's eyes to look
In sentimental rapture.

O loving pair! as thus I gaze
Upon the girl who smiles always,
The little hand that ever plays
Upon the lover's shoulder;
In looking at your pretty shapes,
A sort of envious wish escapes
(Such as the fox had for the grapes)
The poet, your beholder.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two;
With nothing else on earth to do,
But all day long to bill and coo;
It were a pleasant calling.
And had I such a partner sweet;
A tender heart for mine to beat,
A gentle hand my clasp to meet; —
I'd let the world flow at my feet,
And never heed its brawling.

RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS.

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir à la chandelle
Assise auprès du feu devisant et filant
Direz, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant,
Ronsard m'a célébré du temps que j'étois belle."

SOME winter night, shut snugly in
Beside the fagot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
Surrounded by your maidens all.
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory;
You say, "When I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes, as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know.

And as the piteous tale is said,
Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
And sighs and envies you!

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"
They'll say; "she once was fresh and fair;
And yet she spurned her lover's vow,
And heartless left him to despair;
The lover lies in silent earth
No kindly mate the lady cheers;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
With threescore and ten years!"

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those!
But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
While yet the dame is peerless fair!
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time
Requite my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime
The roses of your youth!

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minster bell:
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,

With modest eyes downcast:
She comes — she's here, she's past —
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through Heaven's gate
Angels within it.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear —
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier;
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
 Went on cutting bread and butter.

THE LAST OF MAY.

(IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION DATED ON THE 1ST.)



By fate's benevolent award,
Should I survive the day,
I'll drink a bumper with my lord
Upon the last of May.

That I may reach that happy time
The kindly gods I pray,
For are not ducks and peas in prime
Upon the last of May?

At thirty boards, 'twixt now and then,
My knife and fork shall play,
But better wine and better men,
I shall not meet in May.

And though, good friend, with whom I dine,
Your honest beard is gray,
And like this grizzled head of mine,
Has seen its last of May,

Yet, with a heart that's ever kind,
A gentle spirit gay,
You've spring perennial in your mind!
And round you make a May!

LOVE SONGS MADE EASY.

WHAT MAKES MY HEART TO THRILL AND GLOW?

THE MAY FAIR LOVE SONG.

WINTER and summer, night and morn,
I languish at this table dark;
My office window has a corn-
er looks into St. James's Park.
I hear the foot-guard's bugle horn,
Their tramp upon parade I mark;
I am a gentleman forlorn,
I am a Foreign Office Clerk.

My toils, my pleasures, every one,
I find are stale, and dull, and slow;
And yesterday, when work was done,
I felt myself so sad and low,
I could have seized a sentry's gun
My wearied brains out, out to blow.
What is it makes my blood to run?
What makes my heart to beat and glow?

My notes of hand are burnt, perhaps?
Some one has paid my tailor's bill?
No; every morn the tailor raps;
My I O U's are extant still.
I still am prey of debt and dun;
My elder brother's stout and well.
What is it makes my blood to run?
What makes my heart to glow and swell?

I know my chief's distrust and hate;
He says I'm lazy, and I shirk.
Ah! had I genius like the late
Right Honorable Edmund Burke.
My chance of all promotion's gone,
I know it is, he hates me so.
What is it makes my blood to run,
And all my heart to swell and glow?

Why, why is all so bright and gay?
There is no change, there is no cause;
My office time I found to-day
Disgusting as it ever was.
At three, I went and tried the clubs,
And yawned and sauntered to and fro;
And now my heart jumps up and throbs,
And all my soul is in a glow.

At half-past four I had the cab;
I drove as hard as I could go.
The London sky was dirty drab,
And dirty brown the London snow.
And as I rattled in a cant-
er down by dear old Bolton Row,
A something made my heart to pant,
And caused my cheek to flush and glow.

What could it be that made me find
Old Jawkins pleasant at the club?
Why was it that I laughed and grinned
At whist, although I lost the rub?
What was it made me drink like mad
Thirteen small glasses of Curaçoˆ?
That made my inmost heart so glad,
And every fibre thrill and glow?

She's home again! she's home, she's home!
Away all cares, and griefs and pain;
I knew she would — she's back from Rome;
She's home again! she's home again!
"The family's gone abroad," they said,
September last — they told me so;
Since then my lonely heart is dead,
My blood I think's forgot to flow.

She's home again! away all care!
O, fairest form the world can show!
O, beaming eyes! O, golden hair!
O, tender voice, that breathes so low!
O, gentlest, softest, purest heart!
O, joy, O, hope! — "My tiger, ho!"
Fitz-Clarence said: we saw him start —
He galloped down to Bolton Row.

THE GHAZUL, OR ORIENTAL LOVE SONG.

THE ROCKS.

I WAS a timid little antelope;
My home was in the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I saw the hunters scouring on the plain;
I lived among the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I was a-thirsty, in the summer heat;
I ventured to the tents beneath the rocks.

Zuleikah brought me water from the well;
Since then I have been faithless to the rocks.

I saw her face reflected in the well;
Her camels since have marched into the rocks.

I looked to see her image in the well;
I only see my eyes, my own sad eyes.
My mother is alone among the rocks.

THE MERRY BARD.

ZULEIKAH! The young Agas in the bazaar are slim-waisted and wear yellow slippers. I am old and hideous. One of my eyes is out, and the hairs of my beard are mostly gray. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife. Praise be to Allah! He has emeralds on his neck, and a ruby tail. I am a merry bard. He deafens me with his diabolical screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage. Praise be to Allah! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight. I am a merry bard.

The peacock is an Aga, but the little bird is a Bulbul.

I am a little brown Bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

THE CAIQUE.

YONDER to the kiosk, beside the creek,
Paddle the swift caique.
Thou brawny oarsman with the sun-burnt cheek,
Quick! for it soothes my heart to hear the Bulbul speak!

Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores,
Swift bending to your oars.
Beneath the melancholy sycamores,
Hark! what a ravishing note the love-lorn Bulbul pours.

Behold, the boughs seem quivering with delight,
The stars themselves more bright,
As 'mid the waving branches out of sight
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

Under the boughs I sat and listened still;
I could not have my fill.
"How comes," I said, "such music to his bill?
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill."

"Once I was dumb," then did the Bird disclose,
"But looked upon the Rose;
And in the garden where the loved one grows,
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

"O bird of song, there's one in this caique
The Rose would also seek,
So he might learn like you to love and speak."
Then answered me the bird of dusky beak,
"The Rose, the Rose of Love, blushes on Leilah's cheek."

FOUR GERMAN DITTIES.

A TRAGIC STORY.

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

"——'s war Einer, dem's zu Herzen gieng."

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found;
I'll turn me round." He turned him round,
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain — it mattered not a pin —
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

THE CHAPLET.

FROM UHLAND.

"Es pflückte Blümlein manigfalt."

A LITTLE girl through field and wood
Went plucking flowerets here and there,
When suddenly beside her stood
A lady, wondrous fair.

The lovely lady smiled, and laid
A wreath upon the maiden's brow;
"Wear it, 'twill blossom soon," she said,
"Although 'tis leafless now."

The little maiden older grew,
And wandered forth of moonlight eves,
And sighed and loved, as maids will do;
When, lo! her wreath bore leaves.

Then was our maid a wife, and hung
Upon a joyful bridegroom's bosom;
When from the garland's leaves there sprung
Fair store of blossom.

And presently a baby fair
Upon her gentle breast she reared;
When 'midst the wreath that bound her hair,
Rich golden fruit appeared.

But when her love lay cold in death,
Sunk in the black and silent tomb,
All sere and withered was the wreath
That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore;
She wore it at her dying hour;
When, lo! the wondrous garland bore
Both leaf, and fruit, and flower!

THE KING ON THE TOWER.

UHLAND.

"Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Höhen."

THE cold gray hills they bind me around
The darksome valleys lie sleeping below,
But the winds as they pass o'er all this ground
Bring me never a sound of woe!

O! for all I have suffered and striven,
Care has imbittered my cup and my feast;
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,
And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies!
I turn towards you with longing soul,
And list to the awful harmonies
Of the Spheres as on they roll.

My hair is gray and my sight nigh gone;
My sword it rusteth upon the wall;
Right have I spoken, and right have I done:
When shall I rest me once for all?

O blessed rest! O royal night!
Wherefore seemeth the time so long
Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,
And list to their loudest song?

TO A VERY OLD WOMAN.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

"Und Du gingst einst, die Myrt' im Haare."

And thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin, warm and young,
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
And glossy brow that knew no care —
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan;

The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All's one — in chimney corner thou
Sitt'st shivering on.

A moment — and thou sink'st to rest!
To wake, perhaps an angel blest,
In the bright presence of thy Lord.
O, weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
But wondrous the reward!

IMITATION OF HORACE.

TO HIS SERVING BOY.

Persicos odi,
Puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ
Philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari
Rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto
Nihil allabores
Sedulus cura:
Neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus,
Neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

AD MINISTRAM.

DEAR Lucy, you know what my wish is, —
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three;
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.*

THE KNIGHTLY GUERDON.

UNTRUE to my Ulric I never could be,
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie.
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er,

* WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

"Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I said that I would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacca-box marked with my name.
When I passed a fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
To be useful and kind to my Thomas, I staid,
For his trowsers I washed, and his grog too I made.

"Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford and likewise with Sall,

My faith then I plighted, my love I confessed,
As I gave you the BATTLE-AXE marked with your crest!

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?
In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side?
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
To blazon your BANNER and broider your crest.

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior mêlée.
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
And you gave to another the wreath you had won!
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
As I thought of that BATTLE-AXE, ah! and that crest!

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine
That others usurped for a time what was mine!

In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sall, or should Susan, than me be more prized?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake;
Still your trowsers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make."

There's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me;
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee;
Once more by the side of the knight I love best
Shall I blazon his BANNER and broider his crest.

THE ALMACK'S ADIEU.

YOUR Fanny was never false-hearted,
And this she protests and she vows,
From the *triste moment* when we parted
On the staircase of Devonshire House!
I blushed when you asked me to marry,
I vowed I would never forget;
And at parting I gave my dear Harry
A beautiful vinegarette!

We spent *en province* all December,
And I ne'er condescended to look
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
Or even at that darling old Duke.
You were busy with dogs and with horses,
Alone in my chamber I sat,
And made you the nicest of purses,
And the smartest black satin cravat!

At night with that vile Lady Frances
(*Je faisois moi tapisserie*)
You danced every one of the dances,
And never once thought of poor me!
Mon pauvre petit cœur! what a shiver
I felt as she danced the last set,
And you gave, O, mon Dieu! to revive her,
My beautiful *vinegarette!*

Return, love! away with coquetting;
This flirting disgraces a man!
And ah! all the while you're forgetting
The heart of your poor little Fan!
Reviens! break away from those Circes,
Reviens, for a nice little chat;
And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
And a lovely black satin cravat!

THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA OF KIOFF.

AN EPIC POEM, IN TWENTY BOOKS.

The poet describes the city and spelling of Kiew, Kioff, or Kiova.

I.

A THOUSAND years ago, or more,
A city filled with burghers stout,
And girt with ramparts round about,
Stood on the rocky Dnieper shore.
In armor bright, by day and night,
The sentries they paced to and fro.
Well guarded and walled was this town, and called
By different names, I'd have you to know;
For if you looks in the g'ography books,
In those dictionaries the name it varies,
And they write it off Kieff or Kioff,
Kiova or Kiow.

Its buildings, public works, and ordinances, religious and civil.

II.

Thus guarded without by wall and redoubt,
Kiova within was a place of renown,
With more advantages than in those dark ages
Were commonly known to belong to a town.
There were places and squares, and each year four fairs,
And regular aldermen, and regular lord mayors;
And streets, and alleys, and a bishop's palace;
And a church with clocks, for the orthodox —
With clocks and with spires, as religion desires;
And beadles to whip the bad little boys
Over their poor little corduroys,
In service time, when they *didn't* make a noise;
And a chapter and dean, and a cathedral green
With ancient trees, underneath whose shades
Wandered nice young nursery maids.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-ding-a-ring-ding,
The bells they made a merry, merry ring,
From the tall, tall steeple; and all the people
(Except the Jews) came and filled the pews —
Poles, Russians, and Germans,
To hear the sermons
Which HYACINTH preached to those
Germans and Poles,
For the safety of their souls.

The poet shows how a certain priest dwelt at Kioff, a godly clergyman, and one that preached rare good sermons.

How this priest was short, and fat of body;

III.

A worthy priest he was, and a stout —
You've seldom looked on such a one;
For, though he fasted thrice in a week,
Yet nevertheless his skin was sleek;
His waist it spanned two yards about,
And he weighed a score of stone.

And like unto the author of "Plymley's Letters."

IV.

A worthy priest for fasting and prayer,
And mortification most deserving,
And as for preaching, beyond compare;
He'd exert his powers for three or four hours,
With greater pith than Sidney Smith,
Or the Reverend Edward Irving.

Of what convent he was prior, and when the convent was built.

V.

He was the prior of Saint Sophia,
(A Cockney rhyme, but no better I know) —
Of St. Sophia, that church in Kiow,
Built by missionaries I can't tell when;
Who by their discussions converted the Russians,
And made them Christian men.

VI.

Of Saint Sophia of Kioff; and how her statue miraculously travelled thither.

Sainted Sophia (so the legend vows)
With special favor did regard this house;
And to uphold her convert's new devotion,
(Her statue needing but her legs for *her* ship)
Walks of itself across the German ocean;
And of a sudden perches
In this the best of churches,
Whither all Kiovites come and pay it grateful worship.

VII.

And how Kioff should have been a happy city; but that

Thus with her patron saints and pious preachers,
Recorded here in catalogue precise,
A goodly city, worthy magistrates,
You would have thought in all the Russian states
The citizens the happiest of all creatures,
The town itself a perfect Paradise.

VIII.

Certain wicked Cossacks did besiege it,

No, alas! this well-built city
Was in a perpetual fidget;
For the Tartars, without pity,
Did remorselessly besiege it.

Tartars fierce, with swords and sabres,
Huns and Turks, and such as these,
Envied much their peaceful neighbors
By the blue Borysthenes.

Murdering the citizens,

Down they came, these ruthless Russians,
From their steppes, and woods, and fens,
For to levy contributions
On the peaceful citizens.

Winter, Summer, Spring, and Autumn,
Down they came to peaceful Kioff,
Killed the burghers when they caught 'em,
If their lives they would not buy off.

Until they agreed to pay a tribute yearly.

Till the city, quite confounded
By the ravages they made,
Humbly with their chief compounded,
And a yearly tribute paid;

How they paid the tribute, and then suddenly refused it,

Which (because their courage lax was)
They discharged while they were able;
Tolerated thus the tax was,
Till it grew intolerable.

And the Calmuc envoy sent,
As before, to take their dues all,
Got, to his astonishment,
A unanimous refusal!

To the wonder of the Cossack envoy.

"Men of Kioff!" thus courageous
Did the stout lord-mayor harangue them,
"Wherefore pay these sneaking wages
To the hectoring Russians? hang them!

Of a mighty gallant speech

"Hark! I hear the awful cry of
Our forefathers in their graves;
'Fight, ye citizens of Kioff!
Kioff was not made for slaves.'

That the lord-mayor made,

"All too long have ye betrayed her;
Rouse, ye men and aldermen,
Send the insolent invader—
Send him starving back again!"

Exhorting the burghers to pay no longer.

IX.

He spoke and he sat down; the people of the town,
Who were fired with a brave emulation,

Of their thanks and heroic resolves.

Now rose with one accord, and voted
thanks unto the lord-
Mayor for his oration:

They dismiss the envoy, and set about drilling.

The envoy they dismissed, never placing
in his fist
So much as a single shilling;
And all with courage fired, as his lordship
he desired,
At once set about their drilling.

Of the city guard: viz., militia, dragoons, and bummadiers, and their commanders.

Then every city ward established a guard,
Diurnal and nocturnal;
Militia volunteers, light dragoons and
bombardiers,
With an alderman for colonel.

There was muster and roll-calls, and repairing city walls,
And filling up of fosses:

Of the majors and captains,

And the captains and the majors, so gallant
and courageous,
A-riding about on their hosses.

The fortifications and artillery.

To be guarded at all hours they built
themselves watch-towers,
With every tower a man on;

And surely and secure, each from out his embrasure,
Looked down the iron cannon!

A battle-song was writ for the theatre, where it
Was sung with vast enérgy
And rapturous applause; and besides, the public cause
Was supported by the clergy.

Of the conduct of the actors and the clergy.

The pretty ladies' maids were pinning of cockades,
And tying on of sashes;
And dropping gentle tears, while their lovers blustered fierce,
About gun-shot and gashes;

The ladies took the hint, and all day were scraping lint,
As became their softer genders;
And got bandages and beds for the limbs and for the heads
Of the city's brave defenders.

Of the ladies;

The men, both young and old, felt resolute and bold,
And panted hot for glory;
Even the tailors 'gan to brag, and embroidered on their flag,
"AUT WINCERE AUT MORI."

And, finally, of the taylors.

X.

Of the Cossack chief,—his stratagem; Seeing the city's resolute condition,
The Cossack chief, too cunning to despise it,
Said to himself, "Not having ammunition
Wherewith to batter the place in proper form,
Some of these nights I'll carry it by storm,
And sudden escalade it or surprise it.

And the burghers' sillie victoria. "Let's see, however, if the cits stand firmish."
He rode up to the city gates; for answers,
Out rushed an eager troop of the town *élite*,
And straightway did begin a gallant skirmish:
The Cossack hereupon did sound retreat,
Leaving the victory with the city lancers.

What prisoners they took, They took two prisoners, and as many horses,
And the whole town grew quickly so elate
With this small victory of their virgin forces,
That they did deem their privates and commanders
So many Cæsars, Pompeys, Alexanders,
Napoleons, or Fredericks the Great.

And puffing with inordinate conceit — And how conceited they were.
They utterly despised these Cossack thieves;
And thought the ruffians easier to beat
Than porters carpets think, or ushers boys.
Meanwhile, a sly spectator of their joys,
The Cossack captain giggled in his sleeves.

"Whene'er you meet yon stupid city hogs — Of the Cossack chief,—his orders;
(He bade his troops precise this order keep),
"Don't stand a moment — run away, you dogs!"
'Twas done; and when they met the town battalions,
The Cossacks, as if frightened at their valiance,
Turned tail, and bolted like so many sheep.

They fled, obedient to their captain's order: — And how he feigned a retreat.
And now this bloodless siege a month had lasted,
When, viewing the country round, the city warder
(Who, like a faithful weathercock, did perch
Upon the steeple of Saint Sophy's church,)
Sudden his trumpet took, and a mighty blast he blasted.

His voice it might be heard through all the streets — The warder proclayms the Cossacks' retreat, and the citie greatly rejoyces.
(He was a warder wondrous strong in lung,)
"Victory, victory! the foe retreats!"

"The foe retreats!" each cries to each he meets;
"The foe retreats!" each in his turn repeats.
Gods! how the guns did roar, and how the joy-
bells rung!

Arming in haste his gallant city lancers,
The Mayor, to learn if true the news might be,
A league or two out issued with his prancers.
The Cossacks (something had given their courage
a damper,)
Hastened their flight, and 'gan like mad to scamper:
Blessed be all the saints, Kiova town was free!

XI.

Now, puffed with pride, the Mayor grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
the slain.
'Tis true he might amuse himself thus,
And not be very murderous;
For as of those who to death were done
The number was exactly *none*,
His lordship, in his soul's elation
The manner of the cities' rejoycings, Did take a bloodless recreation —
Going home again, he did ordain
A very splendid cold collation

For the magistrates and the corporation;
Likewise a grand illumination,
For the amusement of the nation.
That night the theatres were free,
The conduits they ran Malvoisie;
Each house that night did beam with light
And sound with mirth and jollity:
But shame, O shame! not a soul in the town, And its impiety
Now the city was safe, and the Cossacks flown,
Ever thought of the bountiful saint by whose care
The town had been rid of these terrible Turks —
Said even a prayer to that patroness fair,
For these her wondrous works!
Lord Hyacinth waited, the meekest of priors — How the priest, Hyacinth, waited at church, and nobody came thither.
He waited at church with the rest of his friars;
He went there at noon, and he waited till ten,
Expecting in vain the lord-mayor and his men.
He waited and waited from mid-day to dark;
But in vain — you might search through the whole of the church,
Not a layman, alas! to the city's disgrace,
From mid-day to dark showed his nose in the place.
The pew-woman, organist, beadle, and clerk,
Kept away from their work, and were dancing like mad

Away in the streets with the other mad people,
Not thinking to pray, but to guzzle and tipple
Wherever the drink might be had.

XII.

How he went forth to bid them to prayers.

Amidst this din and revelry throughout the city roaring,
The silver moon rose silently, and high in heaven soaring;
Prior Hyacinth was fervently upon his knees adoring:
"Towards my precious patroness this conduct sure unfair is;
I cannot think, I must confess, what keeps the dignitaries
And our good mayor away, unless some business them contraries."

He puts his long white mantle on, and forth the prior sallies —
(His pious thoughts were bent upon good deeds and not on malice:)
Heavens! how the banquet lights they shone about the mayor's palace!
About the hall the scullions ran with meats both fresh and potted;

The pages came with cup and can, all for the guests allotted;
Ah, how they jeered that good fat man as up the stairs he trotted! How the grooms and lackeys jeered him.

He entered in the ante-rooms, where sat the mayor's court in;
He found a pack of drunken grooms a-dicing and a-sporting;
The horrid wine and 'bacco fumes, they set the prior a-snorting!
The prior thought he'd speak about their sins before he went hence,
And lustily began to shout of sin and of repentance;
The rogues, they kicked the prior out before he'd done a sentence!

And having got no portion small of buffeting and tussling,
At last he reached the banquet-hall, where sat the mayor a-guzzling, And the mayor, mayoress, and aldermen, being tipsie, refused to go to church.
And by his side his lady tall, dressed out in white sprig muslin.
Around the table in a ring the guests were drinking heavy;

They drunk the church, and drunk the king, and the army
and the navy;
In fact, they'd toasted every thing. The prior said, "God
save ye!"

The mayor cried, "Bring a silver cup — there's one upon
the beaufét;
And, prior, have the venison up — it's capital *rechauffé*.
And so, Sir Priest, you've come to sup? And, pray you,
how's Saint Sophy?"
The prior's face quite red was grown, with horror and
with anger;
He flung the proffered goblet down — it made a hideous
clangor;
And 'gan a-preaching with a frown — he was a fierce
haranguer.

He tried the mayor and aldermen — they all set up
a-jeering:
He tried the common councilmen — they too began
a-sneering;
He turned towards the may'ress then, and hoped to get
a hearing.
He knelt and seized her dinner dress, made of the muslin
snowy,

"To church, to church, my sweet mistress!" he cried;
"the way I'll show ye."
Alas, the lady-mayoress fell back as drunk as Chloe!

XIII.

How the prior went back alone.

Out from this dissolute and drunken court
Went the good prior, his eyes with weeping dim:
He tried the people of a meaner sort—
They, too, alas! were bent upon their sport,
And not a single soul would follow him!
But all were swigging schnaps and guzzling beer.

He found the cits, their daughters, sons, and spouses
Spending the live-long night in fierce carouses:
Alas! unthinking of the danger near!
One or two sentinels the ramparts guarded,
The rest were sharing in the general feast:
"God wot, our tipsy town is poorly warded;
Sweet Saint Sophia help us!" cried the priest.

Alone he entered the cathedral gate,
Careful he locked the mighty oaken door;
Within his company of monks did wait,
A dozen poor old pious men — no more.

O, but it grieved the gentle prior sore,
To think of those lost souls, given up to drink and fate!

And shut himself into Saint Sophia's chapel with his brethren.

The mighty outer gate well barred and fast,
The poor old friars stirred their poor old bones,
And pattering swiftly on the damp, cold stones,
They through the solitary chancel passed.
The chancel walls looked black, and dim, and vast,
And rendered, ghost-like, melancholy tones.

Onward the fathers sped, till coming nigh a
Small iron gate, the which they entered quick at,
They locked and double-locked the inner wicket,
And stood within the chapel of Sophia.
Vain were it to describe this sainted place;
Vain to describe that celebrated trophy,
The venerable statue of Saint Sophy,
Which formed its chiefest ornament and grace.

Here the good prior, his personal griefs and sorrows
In his extreme devotion quickly merging,
At once began to pray with voice sonorous;
The other friars joined in pious chorus,
And passed the night in singing, praying, scourging,
In honor of Sophia, that sweet virgin.

XIV.

The episode of Sneezoff and Katinka.

Leaving thus the pious priest in
 Humble penitence and prayer,
And the greedy cits a-feasting,
 Let us to the walls repair.

Walking by the sentry-boxes,
 Underneath the silver moon,
Lo! the sentry boldly cocks his —
 Boldly cocks his musketoon.

Sneezoff was his designation,
 Fair-haired boy, for ever pitied;
For to take his cruel station,
 He but now Katinka quitted.

Poor in purse were both, but rich in
 Tender love's delicious plenties;
She a damsel of the kitchen,
 He a haberdasher's 'prentice.

'Tinka, maiden tender-hearted,
 Was dissolved in tearful fits,
On that fatal night she parted
 From her darling, fair-haired Fritz.

Warm her soldier lad she wrapt in
 Comforter and muffetee;
Called him "general" and "captain,"
 Though a simple private he.

"On your bosom wear this plaster,
 'Twill defend you from the cold;
In your pipe smoke this canaster,
 Smuggled 'tis, my love, and old.

"All the night, my love, I'll miss you."
 Thus she spoke; and from the door
Fair-haired Sneezoff made his issue,
 To return, alas! no more.

He it is who calmly walks his
 Walk beneath the silver moon;
He it is who boldly cocks his
 Detonating musketoon.

He the bland canaster puffing,
 As upon his round he paces,
Sudden sees a ragamuffin
 Clambering swiftly up the glacis.

"Who goes there?" exclaims the sentry;
"When the sun has once gone down
No one ever makes an entry
Into this here fortified town!"

How the sentrie Sneezoff was surprised and slayn.

Shouted thus the watchful Sneezoff;
But, ere any one replied,
Wretched youth! he fired his piece off,
Started, staggered, groaned, and died!

XV.

How the Cossacks rushed in suddenly and took the citie.

Ah, full well might the sentinel cry, "Who goes there?"
But echo was frightened too much to declare.
Who goes there? who goes there? Can any one swear
To the number of sands *sur les bords de la mer*,
Or the whiskers of D'Orsay Count down to a hair?
As well might you tell of the sands the amount,
Or number each hair in each curl of the Count,
As ever proclaim the number and name
Of the hundreds and thousands that up the wall came!
Down, down the knaves poured with fire and with sword:
There were thieves from the Danube and rogues from the Don;

Of the Cossack troops,

There were Turks and Wallacks, and shouting Cossacks;

Of all nations and regions, and tongues and religions —
Jew, Christian, Idolater, Frank, Mussulman:
Ah, a horrible sight was Kioff that night!

And of their manner of burning, murdering, and ravishing.

The gates were all taken — no chance e'en of flight;
And with torch and with axe the bloody Cossacks
Went hither and thither a-hunting in packs;
They slashed and they slew both Christian and Jew —
Women and children, they slaughtered them too.
Some, saving their throats, plunged into the moats,
Or the river — but, O, they had burned all the boats!

* * * * *

How they burned the whole citie down, save the church,

But here let us pause — for I can't pursue further
This scene of rack, ravishment, ruin, and murther.
Too well did the cunning old Cossack succeed!
His plan of attack was successful indeed!
The night was his own — the town it was gone;
'Twas a heap still a-burning of timber and stone.
One building alone had escaped from the fires,

Whereof the bells began to ring.

Saint Sophy's fair church, with its steeples and spires.
Calm, stately, and white,
It stood in the light;

And as if 'twould defy all the conqueror's power, —
As if nought had occurred,
Might clearly be heard
The chimes ringing soberly every half hour!

XVI.

The city was defunct — silence succeeded
Unto its last fierce agonizing yells;
And then it was the conqueror first heeded
The sound of these calm bells.
Furious towards his aides-de-camps he turns,
And (speaking as if Byron's works he knew)
"Villains!" he fiercely cries, "the city burns,
Why not the temple too?
Burn me yon church, and murder all within!"

How the Cossack chief bade them burn the church too.

The Cossacks thundered at the outer door;
And Father Hyacinth, who heard the din
(And thought himself and brethren in distress,
Deserted by their lady patroness),
Did to her statue turn, and thus his woes outpour.

How they stormed it; and of Hyacinth, his anger thereat.

XVII.

His prayer to the Saint Sophia.

"And is it thus, O falsest of the saints,
Thou hearest our complaints?
Tell me, did ever my attachment falter
To serve thy altar?
Was not thy name, ere ever I did sleep,
The last upon my lip?
Was not thy name the very first that broke
From me when I awoke?
Have I not tried with fasting, flogging, penance,
And mortified counténance
For to find favor, Sophy, in thy sight?
And lo! this night,
Forgetful of my prayers, and thine own promise,
Thou turnest from us;
Lettest the heathen enter in our city,
And, without pity,
Murder our burghers, seize upon their spouses,
Burn down their houses!
Is such a breach of faith to be endured?
See what a lurid
Light from the insolent invader's torches
Shines on your porches!
E'en now, with thundering battering-ram and hammer
And hideous clamor;

With axemen, swordsmen, pikemen, billmen, bowmen,
The conquering foemen,
O Sophy! beat your gate about your ears,
Alas! and here's
A humble company of pious men,
Like muttons in a pen,
Whose souls shall quickly from their bodies be thrusted,
Because in you they trusted.
Do you not know the Calmuc chief's desires —
KILL ALL THE FRIARS!
And you of all the saints most false and fickle,
Leave us in this abominable pickle."

"RASH HYACINTHUS!" The statue suddenlie speaks;
(Here, to the astonishment of all her backers,
Saint Sophy, opening wide her wooden jaws,
Like to a pair of German walnut-crackers,
Began) "I did not think that you had been thus, —
O monk of little faith! Is it because
A rascal scum of filthy Cossack heathen
Besiege our town, that you distrust in *me*, then?
Think'st thou that I, who in a former day
Did walk across the Sea of Marmora
(Not mentioning, for shortness, other seas), —
That I, who skimmed the broad Borysthenes,
Without so much as wetting of my toes,

Am frightened at a set of men like *those*?
I have a mind to leave you to your fate:
Such cowardice as this my scorn inspires."

But is interrupted by the breaking in of the Cossacks.

Saint Sophy was here
Cut short in her words, —
For at this very moment in tumbled the gate,
And with a wild cheer,
And a clashing of swords,
Swift through the church porches,
With a waving of torches,
And a shriek, and a yell,
Like the devils of hell,
With pike and with axe
In rushed the Cossacks, —
In rushed the Cossacks, crying, "MURDER THE FRIARS!"

Of Hyacinth, his outrageous address,

Ah! what a thrill felt Hyacinth,
When he heard that villanous shout Calmuc!
Now, thought he, my trial beginneth;
"Saints, O give me courage and pluck!
Courage, boys, 'tis useless to funk!
Thus unto the friars he began,
Never let it be said that a monk
Is not likewise a gentleman.

Though the patron saint of the church,
Spite of all that we've done and we've prayed,
Leaves us wickedly here in the lurch,
Hang it, gentlemen, who's afraid?"

And preparation for dying.

As thus the gallant Hyacinthus spoke,
He with an air as easy and as free as
If the quick-coming murder were a joke,
Folded his robes around his sides, and took
Place under sainted Sophy's legs of oak,
Like Cæsar at the statue of Pompeius.
The monks no leisure had about to look
(Each being absorbed in his particular case),
Else had they seen with what celestial grace,
A wooden smile stole o'er the saint's mahogany face.
um

Saint Sophia, her speech.

"Well done, well done, Hyacinthus, my son!"
Thus spoke the sainted statue.
"Though you doubted me in the hour of need,
And spoke of me very rude indeed,
You deserve good luck for showing such pluck,
And I won't be angry at you."

She gets on the prior's shoulders straddleback,

The monks by-standing, one and all,
Of this wondrous scene beholders,

To this kind promise listened content,
And couldn't contain their astonishment,
When Saint Sophia moved and went
Down from her wooden pedestal,
And twisted her legs, sure as eggs is eggs,
Round Hyacinthus's shoulders!

And bids him run.

"Ho! forwards," cries Sophy, "there's no time for waiting,
The Cossacks are breaking the very last gate in:
See the glare of their torches shines red through the grating;
We've still the back door, and two minutes or more.
Now, boys, now or never, we must make for the river,
For we only are safe on the opposite shore.
Run swiftly to-day, lads, if ever you ran, —
Put out your best leg, Hyacinthus, my man:
And I'll lay five to two that you carry us through,
Only scamper as fast as you can."

He runneth,

XVIII.

Away went the priest through the little back door,
And light on his shoulders the image he bore:
The honest old priest was not punished the least,
Though the image was eight feet, and he measured four.

Away went the prior, and the monks at his tail
Went snorting, and puffing, and panting full sail;
And just as the last at the back door had passed,
In furious hunt behold at the front
The Tartars so fierce, with their terrible cheers;
With axes, and halberds, and muskets, and spears,
With torches a-flaming the chapel now came in.
They tore up the mass book, they stamped on the psalter,
They pulled the gold crucifix down from the altar;
The vestments they burned with their blasphemous fires,
And many cried "Curse on them! where are the friars?"
When loaded with plunder, yet seeking for more,
One chanced to fling open the little back door,
Spied out the friars' white robes and long shadows
In the moon, scampering over the meadows,
And stopped the Cossacks in the midst of their arsons,
By crying out lustily, "THERE GO THE PARSONS!" And the Tartars after him.
With a whoop and a yell, and a scream, and a shout,
At once the whole murderous body turned out;
And swift as the hawk pounces down on the pigeon,
Pursued the poor short-winded men of religion.

When the sound of that cheering came to the monk's hearing, How the friars sweated,
O Heaven! how the poor fellows panted and blew!

At fighting not cunning, unaccustomed to running,
When the Tartars came up, what the deuce should they do?
"They'll make us all martyrs, those bloodthirsty Tartars!"
Quoth fat Father Peter to fat Father Hugh.
The shouts they came clearer, the foe they drew nearer;
O, how the bolts whistled, and how the lights shone!
"I cannot get further, this running is murther;
Come carry me, some one!" cried big Father John.
And even the statue grew frightened, "Od rat you!"
It cried, "Mr. Prior, I wish you'd get on!"
On tugged the good friar, but nigher and nigher
Appeared the fierce Russians, with sword and with fire.
On tugged the good prior, at Saint Sophy's desire, —
A scramble through bramble, through mud and through mire.
The swift arrows' whizziness causing a dizziness,
Nigh done his business, fit to expire.
Father Hyacinth tugged, and the monks they tugged after:
The foemen pursued with a horrible laughter,

And the pursuers fixed arrows into their tayls.

And hurled their long spears round the poor brethren's ears,
So true, that next day in the coats of each priest,

Though never a wound was given, there were found
A dozen arrows at least.

How, at the last gasp,

Now the chase seemed at its worst,
Prior and monks were fit to burst;
Scarce you knew the which was first,
Or pursuers or pursued;
When the statue, by Heaven's grace,
Suddenly did change the face
Of this interesting race,
As a saint, sure, only could.

For as the jockey who at Epsom rides,
When that his steed is spent and punished sore,
Diggeth his heels into the courser's sides,
And thereby makes him run one or two furlongs more;
Even thus, betwixt the eighth rib and the ninth,
The saint rebuked the prior, that weary creeper;
Fresh strength into his limbs her kicks imparted.
One bound he made, as gay as when he started.

The friars won, and jumped into Borysthenes fluvius.

Yes, with his brethren clinging at his cloak,
The statue on his shoulders — fit to choke —
One most tremendous bound made Hyacinth,
And soused friars, statue, and all, slap dash into the Dnieper!

And how the Russians saw

XIX.

And when the Russians, in a fiery rank,
Panting and fierce, drew up along the shore;
(For here the vain pursuing they forebore,
Nor cared they to surpass the river's bank),
Then, looking from the rocks and rushes dank,
A sight they witnessed never seen before,
And which, with its accompaniments glorious,
Is writ i' the golden book, or *liber aureus*.

The statue get off Hyacinth his back, and sit down with the friars on Hyacinth his cloak

Plump in the Dnieper flounced the friar and friends, —
They dangling round his neck, he fit to choke,
When suddenly his most miraculous cloak
Over the billowy waves itself extends.
Down from his shoulders quietly descends
The venerable Sophy's statue of oak;
Which, sitting down upon the cloak so ample,
Bids all the brethren follow its example!

How in this manner of boat they sayled away.

Each at her bidding sat, and sat at ease;
The statue 'gan a gracious conversation,
And (waving to the foe a salutation)
Sailed with her wondering, happy protégés

Gayly adown the wide Borysthenes,
Until they came unto some friendly nation.
And when the heathen had at length grown shy of
Their conquest, she one day came back again to Kioff.

XX. Finis, or the end.

THINK NOT, O READER, THAT WE'RE LAUGHING AT YOU;
YOU MAY GO TO KIOFF NOW, AND SEE THE STATUE!

TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENSE.

LILLE, *Sept.* 2, 1843.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

I.

WITH twenty pounds but three weeks since
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel,
I thought myself as rich a prince
As beggar poor I'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means —
In troth, I was a happy chiel!
I passed the gates of Valenciennes.
I never thought to come by Lille.

I never thought my twenty pounds
 Some rascal knave would dare to steal;
I gayly passed the Belgic bounds
 At Quiévrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hastened post,
 And as I took my evening meal
I felt my pouch, — my purse was lost,
 O Heaven! Why came I not by Lille?

I straightway called for ink and pen,
 To grandmamma I made appeal;
Meanwhile a loan of guineas ten
 I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandmamma,
 (Her gentle heart my woes could feel)
But where I went, and what I saw,
 What matters? Here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
 How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,
 A stranger in the town of Lille.

II.

To stealing I can never come,
To pawn my watch I'm too genteel,
Besides, I left my watch at home;
How could I pawn it, then, at Lille?

"*La note*," at times the guests will say,
I turn as white as cold boiled veal;
I turn and look another way,
I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,
"Good sir, I cannot pay your bill;"
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,
And so he serves me every day
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face
I blush as red as cochineal;

And think did he but know my case,
How changed he'd be, my host of Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

III.

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,
I perspirate from head to heel;
I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise;
How can I, without cash, at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burning hot
By cafés where in beer they deal;
I think how pleasant were a pot,
A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,
All girt around with guard and grille?
O, gracious gods, it makes me sick,
It is the *prison-house* of Lille!

O curséd prison strong and barred,
It does my very blood congeal!
I tremble as I pass the guard,
And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays,
I turn away at his appeal:
Ah, church-door beggar! go thy ways!
You're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

IV.

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,
And at a Popish altar kneel?
O do not leave me in the lurch, —
I'll cry ye patron-saints of Lille!

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,
Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,

Look kindly down! before you stoops
The miserablest man in Lille.

And lo! as I beheld with awe
A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real)
It smiled, and turned to grandmamma! —
It did! and I had hope in Lille!

'Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,
Although I could not pay, my meal:
I hasten back into the street
Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand, —
A letter with a well-known seal?
'Tis grandmamma's! I know her hand, —
"To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille."

I feel a choking in my throat,
I pant and stagger, faint and reel!
It is — it is — a ten pound note,
And I'm no more in pawn at Lille!

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to the bosom of his happy family.]

LYRA HIBERNICA.

THE POEMS OF THE MOLONY OF KILBALLYMOLONY.

THE PIMLICO PAVILION.

Ye pathrons of janius, Minerva, and Vanius,
Who sit on Parnassus, that mountain of snow,
Descind from your station and make observation
Of the Prince's pavilion in sweet Pimlico.

This garden, by jakurs, is forty poor acres,
(The garner he tould me, and sure ought to know;)
And yet greatly bigger, in size and in figure,
Than the Phanix itself, seems the Park Pimlico.

O 'tis there that the spoort is, when the Queen and the Court is
Walking magnanimous all of a row,
Forgetful what state is among the pataties
And the pine-apple gardens of sweet Pimlico.

There in blossoms odo'rous the birds sing a chorus,
Of "God save the Queen" as they hop to and fro;
And you sit on the binches and hark to the finches,
Singing melodious in sweet Pimlico.

There shuiting their phanthasies, they pluck polyanthuses
That round in the gardens resplindently grow,
Wid roses and jessimins, and other sweet specimins,
Would charm bould Linnayus in sweet Pimlico.

You see when you inther, and stand in the cinther,
Where the roses, and necturns, and collyflowers blow,
A hill so tremindous, it tops the top-windows
Of the elegant houses of famed Pimlico.

And when you've ascinded that precipice splindid,
You see on its summit a wondtherful show —
A lovely Swish building, all painting and gilding,
The famous Pavilion of sweet Pimlico.

Prince Albert, of Flandthers, that Prince of Commandthers,
(On whom my best blessings hereby I bestow,)
With goold and vermilion has decked that Pavilion,
Where the Queen may take tay in her sweet Pimlico.

There's lines from John Milton the chamber all gilt on,
And pictures beneath them that's shaped like a bow;
I was greatly astounded to think that that Roundhead
Should find an admission to famed Pimlico.

O lovely's each fresco, and most picturesque O,
And while round the chamber astonished I go,
I think Dan Maclise's it baits all the pieces,
Surrounding the cottage of famed Pimlico.

Eastlake has the chimney, (a good one to limn he,)
And a vargin he paints with a sarpent below;
While bulls, pigs, and panthers, and other enchanthers,
Is painted by Landseer in sweet Pimlico.

And nature smiles opposite, Stanfield he copies it;
O'er Claude or Poussang sure 'tis he that may crow:
But Sir Ross's best faiture, is small mini-áture —
He shouldn't paint frescoes in famed Pimlico.

There's Leslie and Uwins has rather small doings;
There's Dice, as brave masther as England can show;
And the flowers and the sthrawberries, sure he no dauber is,
That painted the panels of famed Pimlico!

In the pictures from Walther Scott, never a fault there's got,
Sure the marble's as natural as thrue Scaglio;
And the Chamber Pompayen is sweet to take tay in,
And ait butther'd muffins in sweet Pimlico.

There's landscapes by Gruner, both solar and lunar,
Them two little Doyles, too, deserve a bravo;
Wid de piece by young Townsend (for janius abounds in't;)
And that's why he's shuited to paint Pimlico.

That picture of Severn's is worthy of rever'nce,
But some I won't mintion is rather so so;
For sweet philoso'phy, or crumpets and coffee,
O where's a Pavilion like sweet Pimlico?

O to praise this Pavilion would puzzle Quintilian,
Daymosthenes, Brougham, or young Cicero;
So heavenly Goddess, d'ye pardon my modesty,
And silence my lyre! about sweet Pimlico.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

With janial foire
Thransfuse me loyre,
Ye sacred nympths of Pindus,
The whoile I sing
That wondthrous thing,
The Palace made o' windows!

Say, Paxton, truth,
Thou wondthrous youth,
What sthroke of art celistial,
What power was lint
You to invint
This combineetion cristial?

O would before
That Thomas Moore,
Likewoise the late Lord Boyron,
Thim aigles sthrong
Of godlike song
Cast oi on that cast oiron!

And saw thim walls,
And glittering halls,
Thim rising slendther columns,
Which I, poor pote,
Could not denote,
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words
Is like the birds
hat roosts beneath the panes there;
Her wings she spoils
'Gainst them bright tiles,
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park,
Like Noah's Ark,
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,
In other scaynes,
The fame of this will undo,
Saint Paul's big doom,
Saint Payther's Room,
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'Tis here that roams,
As well becomes
Her dignitee and stations,
Victoria Great,
And houlds in state
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subjects pours
From distant shores,
Her Injians and Canajians;
And also we,
Her kingdoms three,
Attind with our allagiance.

Here come likewise
Her bould allies,
Both Asian and Europian;
From East and West
They send their best
To fill her Coornucopean.

I seen (thank Grace !)
This wondthrous place
(His Noble Honour Misther
H. Cole it was
That gave the pass,
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide
I stud insoide
And looked the World's Great Fair in,
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints
And window paints,
By Maydiayval Pugin;
Alhamborough Jones
Did paint the tones
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There's fountains there
And crosses fair;
There's water-gods with urrns;
There's organs three,
To play, d'ye see,
"God save the Queen," by turrns.

There's Statues bright
Of marble white,
Of silver, and of copper;
And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That isn't over proper.

There's staym Ingynes,
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs;
There's dibblers and there's harrows,
And ploughs like toys
For little boys,
And elegant wheel-barrows.

For them genteels
Who ride on wheels,
There's plenty to indulge 'em;
There's Droskys snug
From Paytersbug,
And vayhecles from Bulgium.

There's Cabs on Stands
And Shandthry danns ;
There's Waggons from New York here ;
There's Lapland Sleighs
Have crossed the says,
And Jaunting Cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass
From glass to glass,
Deloighted I survey 'em ;
Fresh wondthers grows
Before me nose
In this sublime Musayum !

Look, here's a fan
From far Japan,
A sabre from Damasco ;
There's shawls ye get
From far Thibet,
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples Macaronies ;
Bohaymia
Has sent Bohay
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints
That's quite imminse,
There's sacks of coals and fuels,
There's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And Ginger-bread and Jewels.

There's taypots there,
And cannons rare;
There's coffins filled with roses;
There's canvas tints,
Teeth insthrumints,
And shuits of clothes, by MOSES.

There's lashins more
Of things in store,
But thim I don't remimber;
Nor could disclose
Did I compose
From May time to Novimber!

Ah JUBY thru!
With eyes so blue,
That you were here to view it!
And could I screw
But tu pound tu,
'Tis I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise
Victoria's praise,
And Albert's proud condition,
That takes his ayse
As he surveys
This Cristial Exhibition.

MOLONY'S LAMENT.

O Tim, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers repoort?
They're goan to recal the Liftinant,
And shut up the Castle and Coort!
Our desolate counthry of Oireland,
They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy,
And now, having murdthered our counthry,
They're goin to kill the Viceroy,
Dear boy;
'Twas he was our proide and our joy!

And will we no longer behould him,
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
As he weaves his cocked hat from the windies,
And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs?

I liked for to see the young haroes,
All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
A horsing about in the Phaynix,
And winking the girls in the cyars,
Like Mars,
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchell, exoiled to Bermudies,
Your beautiful oilids you'll ope,
And there'll be an abondance of croyin
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope,
When they read of this news in the peepers,
Acrass the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
God save
The Queen — she should betther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
Whin the Coort of imparial splindor
From Doblin's sad city departs?
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,
When the deuce of a Coort there remains?

And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?
In sthrains
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,
'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,
And she wanted a plinty of popplin,
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,
Eight shillings a yard tabinet,
But now that the Coort is concluded,
The divvle a yard will she get;
I bet,
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs';
Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,
They mounted the neatest of wigs.
When Spring, with its buds and its dasies,
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,
Because there is no dthrawing-room,
For whom
They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,
'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort.
But now that the quality's goin,
I warnt that the aiting will stop,
And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble
The devil a bite or a dthrop,
Or chop,
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin,
And his Lordship, the dear honest man,
And the Duchess, his eemiable leedy,
And Corry, the bould Connellan,
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren,
And the Chewter and Governess tu;
And the servants are packing their boxes,—
O, murther, but what shall I due
Without you?
O Meery, with oi's of the blue!

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O WILL ye choose to hear the news,
Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er:
I'll tell you all about the Ball
To the Naypaulase Ambassador.
Begor! this fête all balls does bate,
At which I worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
To fête these black Achilleses.
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,
So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there.
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten before the ball-room door,
His moighty Excellency was,
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,
So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
Into the door-way followed him;
And O the noise of the blackguard boys,
As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair * stud at the stair,
And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince to that Black Prince
The welcome of his Company.

* James Matheson, Esq., to whom, and the Board of Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I, Timotheus Malony, late stoker on board the Iberia, the Lady Mary Wood, the Tagus, and the Oriental steamships, humbly dedicate this production of my grateful muse.

O fair the girls, and rich the curls,
And bright the oys, you saw there, was;
And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
On Gineral Jung Bahawther was!

This Gineral great then tuck his sate,
With all the other ginerals,
(Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,
All bleezed with precious minerals;)
And as he there, with princely air,
Recloinin on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair,
The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,
Such fashion and nobilitee!
Just think of Tim, and fancy him
Amidst the hoigh gentility!
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese
Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonized, with much surprise,
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
And Baroness Rehausen there,

And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first,
When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife;
I wondther how he could stuff her in.
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes, and Earls, and diamonds, and pearls,
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,
Behind the windies, coorting there.
O, there's one I know, bedad, would show
As beautiful as any there,
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
And shake a fut with Fanny there!

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

Ye Genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore,
Ye sons of General Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'Tis William Smith O'Brine,
Reprisints this darling Limerick this ten years or more;
O the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valiant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor;
And to welcome his return
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword;
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore;
And Mitchil of Belfast,
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store;
And with ornamints and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour;
And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo —
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it — by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake,
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batthered and they banged;
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies,
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O, the girls began to scrame,
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honourable gintlemin they cursed and swore:
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'Twas he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?
'Tis a national disgrace;
Let me go and veil me face;"
And he boulted with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says Meagher of the sword,
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamoor;"
But millions were arrayed,
So he shaythed his battle blade,
Rethrayting undismayed from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rushed upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
And the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

THE BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X.

THE WOLFE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY AND MARY BROWN.

An igstrawnary tail I vill tell you this veek —
I stood in the Court of A'Beckett the Beak,
Vere Mrs. Jane Roney, a vidow, I see,
Who charged Mary Brown with a robbin of she.

This Mary was pore and in misery once,
And she came to Mrs. Roney it's more than twelve monce,
She adn't got no bed, nor no dinner, nor no tea,
And kind Mrs. Roney gave Mary all three.

Mrs. Roney kep Mary for ever so many veeks,
(Her conduct disgusted the best of all Beax,)
She kep her for nothink, as kind as could be,
Never thinking that this Mary was a traitor to she.

"Mrs. Roney, O Mrs. Roney, I feel very ill;
Will you jest step to the Doctor's for to fetch me a pill?"
"That I will, my pore Mary," Mrs. Roney says she;
And she goes off to the Doctor's as quickly as may be.

No sooner on this message Mrs. Roney was sped,
Than hup gits vicked Mary, and jumps out a bed;
She hopens all the trunks without never a key —
She bustes all the boxes, and vith them makes free.

Mrs. Roney's best linning gownds, petticoats, and close,
Her children's little coats and things, her boots and her hose,
She packed them, and she stole 'em, and avay vith them did flee.
Mrs. Roney's situation — you may think vat it vould be!

Of Mary, ungrateful, who had served her this vay,
Mrs. Roney heard nothink for a long year and a day,
Till last Thursday, in Lambeth, ven whom should she see?
But this Mary, as had acted so ungrateful to she.

She was leaning on the helbo of a worthy young man;
They were going to be married, and were walkin hand in hand;
And the Church bells was a ringing for Mary and he,
And the parson was ready, and a waitin for his fee.

When up comes Mrs. Roney, and faces Mary Brown,
Who trembles, and castes her eyes upon the ground.
She calls a jolly pleaseman, it happens to be me;
I charge this young woman, Mr. Pleaseman, says she.

Mrs. Roney, o, Mrs. Roney, o, do let me go,
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know,
But the marriage bell is a ringin, and the ring you may see,
And this young man is a waitin, says Mary, says she.

I don't care three fardens for the parson and clark,
And the bell may keep ringin from noon day to dark.
Mary Brown, Mary Brown, you must come along with me,
And I think this young man is lucky to be free.

So, in spite of the tears which bejewed Mary's cheek,
I took that young gurl to A'Beckett the Beak;
That exlent justice demanded her plea —
But never a sullable said Mary said she.

On account of her conduck so base and so vile,
That wicked young gurl is committed for trile,
And if she's transpawted beyond the salt sea,
It's a proper reward for such willians as she.

Now, you young gurls of Southwark for Mary who veep,
From pickin and stealin your ands you must keep,
Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday veek,
To pull you all hup to A'Beckett the Beak.

THE THREE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

My name is Pleaceman X;
Last night I was in bed,
A dream did me perplex,
Which came into my Edd.
I dreamed I sor three Waits
A playing of their tune,
At Pimlico Palace gates,
All underneath the moon.
One puffed a hold French horn,
And one and old Banjo,

And one chap, seedy and torn,
A Hirish pipe did blow.
They sadly piped and played,
Dexcribing of their fates;
And this was what they said,
Those three pore Christmas Waits:—

"When this black year began,
This Eighteen-forty-eight,
I was a great, great man,
And king both vise and great,
And Munseer Guizot by me did show
As Minister of State.

"But Febuwerry came,
And brought a rabble rout,
And me and my good dame
And children did turn out,
And us, in spite of all our right,
Sent to the right about.

"I left my native ground,
I left my kin and kith,
I left my royal crownd,
Vich I couldn't travel vith,
And without a pound came to English ground,
In the name of Mr. Smith.

"Like any anchorite
I've lived since I came here,
I've kep myself quite quite,
I've drank the small small beer,
And the vater, you see, disagrees vith me,
And all my famly dear.

"O, Tweeleries so dear,
O, darling Pally Royl,
Vas it to finish here
That I did trouble and toyl?
That all my plans should break in my ands,
And should on me recoil?

"My state I fenced about
Vith baynicks and with guns;
My gals I portioned hout,
Rich vives I got my sons;
O, varn't it crule to lose my rule,
My money and lands at once?

"And so, vith arp and woice,
Both troubled and shagreened,
I bid you to rejoice,
O glorious England's Queend!
And never have to veep, like pore Louis-Phileep,
Because you out are cleaned.

"O, Prins, so brave and stout,
I stand before your gate;
Pray send a trifle hout
To me, your pore old Vait;
For nothink could be vuss than it's been along vith us,
In this year Forty-eight."

"Ven this bad year began,"
The nex man said, saysee,
"I vas a Journeyman,
A taylor black and free,
And my wife went out and chaired about,
And my name's the bold Cuffee.

"The Queen and Halbert both,
I swore I would confound,
I took a hawfle hoath
To drag them to the ground;
And sevral more with me they swore
Against the British Crownd.

"Aginst her Pleacemen all,
We said we'd try our strenth;
Her scarlick soldiers tall,
We vowed we'd lay full lenth:
And out we came, in Freedom's name,
Last Aypril was the tenth.

"Three 'undred thousand snobs
Came out to stop the vay,
Vith sticks vith iron knobs,
Or else we'd gained the day.
The harmy quite kept out of sight,
And so ve vent avay.

"Next day the Pleacemen came —
Rewenge it was their plann —
And from my good old dame
They took her tailor-mann:
And the hard, hard beak did me bespeak
To Newgit in the Wann.

"In that etrocious Cort
The Jewry did agree;
The Judge did me transport,
To go beyond the sea;
And so for life, from his dear wife
They took poor old Cuffee.

"O Halbert, Appy Prince!
With children round your knees,
Ingraving ansum Prints,
And taking hoff your hease;
O think of me, the old Cuffee,
Beyond the solt, solt seas!

"Although I'm hold and black,
My hanguish is most great;
Great Prince, O call me back
And I vill be your Vait!
And never no more vill break the Lor,
As I did in 'Forty-eight."

The tailer thus did close
(A pore old blackymore rogue),
When a dismal gent uprose,
And spoke with Hirish brogue:
"I'm Smith O'Brine, of Royal Line,
Descended from Rory Ogue.

"When great O'Connle died,
That man whom all did trust,
That man whom Henglish pride
Beheld with such disgust,
Then Erin free fixed eyes on me,
And swoar I should be fust.

"'The glorious Hirish Crown,'
Says she, 'it shall be thine;
Long time, it's wery well known,
You kep it in your line;
That diadem of hemerald gem
Is yours, my Smith O'Brine.

"'Too long the Saxon churl
Our land encumbered hath;
Arise, my Prince, my Earl,
And brush them from thy path;
Rise, mighty Smith, and sweep 'em vith
The besom of your wrath.'

"Then in my might I rose,
My country I surveyed,
I saw it filled with foes,
I viewed them undismayed;
Ha, ha! says I, the harvest's high,
I'll reap it with my blade.

"My warriors I enrolled,
They rallied round their lord;
And cheafs in council old
I summoned to the board—
Wise Doheny and Duffy bold,
And Meagher of the Sword.

"I stood on Slievenamaun,
They came with pikes and bills;
They gathered in the dawn,
Like mist upon the hills,
And rushed adown the mountain side
Like twenty thousand rills.

"Their fortress we assail;
Hurroo! my boys, hurroo!
The bloody Saxons quail
To hear the wild shaloo;
Strike, and prevail, proud Innesfail,
O'Brine, aboo, aboo!

"Our people they defied;
They shot at 'em like savages,
Their bloody guns they plied
With sanguinary ravages;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide
That day among the cabbages!

"And so no more I'll say,
But ask your Mussy great,
And humbly sing and pray,
Your Majesty's poor Wait:
Your Smith O'Brine in 'Forty-nine
Will blush for 'Forty-eight."

LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT.*

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FOOT-GUARDS (BLUE).

I PACED upon my beat
With steady step and slow,
All huppandownd of Ranelagh Street;
Ran'lagh St. Pimlico.

While marching huppandownd
Upon that fair May morn,
Beold the booming cannings sound,
A royal child is born!

The Ministers of State
Then presnly I sor,
They gallops to the Pallis gate,
In carridges and for.

* The birth of Prince Arthur.

With anxious looks intent,
Before the gate they stop,
There comes the good Lord President,
And there the Archbishopp.

Lord John he next elights;
And who comes here in haste?
'Tis the ero of one underd fights,
The caudle for to taste.

Then Mrs. Lily, the nuss,
Towards them steps with joy;
Says the brave old Duke, "Come tell to us,
Is it a gal or a boy?"

Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,
"Your Grace, it is *a Prince.*"
And at that nuss's bold rebuke,
He did both laugh and winçe.

He vews with pleasant look
This pooty flower of May,
Then says the wenerable Duke,
"Egad, its my buthday."

By memory backards borne,
 Peraps his thoughts did stray
To that old place where he was born,
 Upon the first of May.

Peraps he did recal
 The ancient towers of Trim;
And County Meath and Dangan Hall
 They did rewisit him.

I phansy of him so
 His good old thoughts employin';
Fourscore years and one ago
 Beside the flowin' Boyne.

His father praps he sees,
 Most musicle of Lords,
A playing maddrigles and glees
 Upon the Arpsicords.

Jest phansy this old Ero
 Upon his mother's knee!
Did ever lady in this land
 Ave greater sons than she?

And I shoudn be surprise
While this was in his mind,
If a drop there twinkled in his eyes
Of unfamiliar brind.

* * *

To Hapsly Ouse next day
Drives up a Broosh and for,
A gracious prince sits in that Shay
(I mention him with Hor !)

They ring upon the bell,
The Porter shows his Ed,
(He fought at Vaterloo as vell,
And vears a Veskit red.)

To see that carriage come
The people round it press:
"And is the galliant Duke at ome ?"
"Your Royal Ighness, yes."

He stepps from out the Broosh
And in the gate is gone,
And X, although the people push,
Says wery kind "Move hon."

The Royal Prince unto
The galliant Duke did say,
"Dear Duke, my little son and you
Was born the self same day.

"The lady of the land,
My wife and Sovring dear,
It is by her horgust command
I wait upon you here.

"That lady is as well
As can expected be;
And to your Grace she bid me tell
This gracious message free.

"That offspring of our race,
Whom yesterday you see,
To show our honor for your Grace,
Prince Arthur he shall be.

"That name it rhymes to fame;
All Europe knows the sound;
And I couldn't find a better name
If you'd give me twenty pound.

"King Arthur had his knights
That girt his table round,
But you have won a hundred fights,
Will match 'em I'll be bound.

"You fought with Bonypart,
And likewise Tippoo Saib;
I name you then with all my heart
The Godsire of this babe."

That Prince his leave was took,
His hinterview was done.
So let us give the good old Duke
Good luck of his god-son,

And wish him years of joy
In this our time of Schism,
And hope he'll hear the royal boy
His little catechism.

And my pooty little Prince
That's come our arts to cheer,
Let me my loyal powers ewince
A welcomin of you ere.

And the Poit-Laureat's crownd,
I think, in some respex,
Egstremely shootable might be found
For honest Pleaseman X.

THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.

GALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befel,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty,
At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings:
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies
Them there pooty little things!)

In this street there lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly ask me where —
Vy, it vas at four and tventy,
Guilford Street, by Brunsvick Square.

Vich her name was Eliza Davis,
And she went to fetch the beer:
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprized to see her.

Vich he vas a British Sailor,
For to judge him by his look:
Tarry jacket, canvas trowsies,
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke.

Presently this Mann accostes
Of this hinnocent young gal —
Pray, saysee, Excuse my freedom,
You're so like my Sister Sal!

You're so like my Sister Sally,
Both in valk and face and size;
Miss, that — dang my old lee scuppers,
It brings tears into my heyes!

I'm a mate on board a wessel,
I'm a sailor bold and true;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
Let be a mate for you!

What's your name, my beauty, tell me?
And she faintly hansers, "Lore,
Sir, my name's Eliza Davis,
And I live at tventy-four."

Hofttimes came this British seaman,
This deluded gal to meet:
And at tventy-four was welcome,
Tventy-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her Master,
(Kinder they than Missuses are),
How in marridge he had ast her,
Like a galliant Brittish Tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him,
(Vich vas all his hartful plan),
And she told how Charley Thompson
Reely vas a good young man.

And how she herself had lived in
Many years of union sweet,
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
Valkin in the public street.

And Eliza listened to them,
And she thought that soon their bands
Vould be published at the Fondlin,
Hand the clergyman jine their ands.

And he ast about the lodgers,
(Vich her master let some rooms),
Likevise vere they kep their things, and
Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson
Came on Sundy veek to see her,
And he sent Eliza Davis
Hout to vetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza vent to
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious Charley Thompson
Let his wile accomplish hin.

To the lodgers, their apartments,
This abandingd female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umberellas:
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes.

Vile the scoundrle Charley Thompson,
Lest his wictim should escape,
Hocust her vith rum and vater,
Like a fiend in huming shape.

But a hi was fixt upon 'em
Vich these raskles little sore;
Namely, Mr. Hide the landlord,
Of the house at tventy-four.

He vas valkin in his garden,
Just afore he vent to sup;
And on looking up he sor the
Lodger's vinders lighted hup.

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled;
Something's going wrong, he said;
And he caught the vicked voman
Underneath the lodger's bed.

And he called a brother Pleaseman,
Vich vas passing on his beat,
Like a true and galliant feller,
Hup and down in Guildford Street.

And that Pleaseman able-bodied
Took this voman to the cell;
To the cell vere she was quodded,
In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked Charley Thompson
Boulted like a miscrant base,
Presently another Pleaseman
Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles
Tuesday last came up for doom;
By the beak they was committed,
Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,
Simple gurl of tventy-four,
She, I ope, vill never listen
In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art,
(Vich most every gurl expex,)
Let her take a jolly pleaseman,
Vich is name peraps is — X.

DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

SPECIAL Jurymen of England! who admire your country's laws,
And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's applause;
Gayly compliment each other at the issue of a cause
Which was tried at Guildford 'sizes, this day week as ever was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief,
(Special was the British Jury, and the Judge, the Baron Chief,)
Comes a British man and husband — asking of the law relief,
For his wife was stolen from him — he'd have vengeance on the thief.

Yes, his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his life was crowned,
Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite profound;

And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and truth renowned,
To award him for his damage twenty hundred sterling pound.

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford does appear,
Asking damage of the villain who seduced his lady dear;
But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all too clear,
And though guilty the defendant, wasn't the plaintiff rather queer?

First the lady's mother spoke, and said she'd seen her daughter cry
But a fortnight after marriage: early times for piping eye.
Six months after, things were worse, and the piping eye was black,
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon the back.

Three months after they were married, husband pushed her to the door,
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no more.

As she would not go, why, *he* went: thrice he left his lady dear,
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than a quarter of a year.

Mrs. Frances Duncan knew the parties very well indeed;
She had seen him pull his lady's nose, and make her lip to bleed;
If he chanced to sit at home, not a single word he said;
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his lady's head.

Sarah Green, another witness, clear did to the Jury note
How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the throat,
How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into a fit,
Till the pitying next-door neighbors crossed the wall and witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton Mr. Owers, a butcher, dwelt;
Mrs. Owers's foolish heart towards this erring dame did melt;
(Not that she had erred as yet, crime was not developed in her).

But being left without a penny, Mrs. Owers supplied her
dinner—
You be merciful to Mrs. Owers, who was merciful to him
sinner!

Caroline Naylor was their servant, said they led a wretched
life.
Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a teacup at his
wife:
He went out to balls and pleasures, and never came in
ten months' space.
Sat with his wife, or spoke her kindly. This was the
defendant's case.

Pollock, C. B., charged the Jury; said the woman's guilt
was clear:
That was not the point, however, which the Jury came to
hear:
But the damage to determine, which, as it should true
appear,
This most tender-hearted husband, who so used his lady
dear,

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her starv-
ing year by year,
Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck,
and boxed her ear,

What the reasonable damage this afflicted man could claim,
By the loss of the affections of this guilty, graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning round,
Laid their clever heads together, with a wisdom most profound;
And towards his Lordship looking, spoke the foreman wise and sound;
"My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff damages two hundred pound."

So, God bless the Special Jury! pride and joy of English ground,
And the happy land of England, where true justice does abound!
British Jurymen and husbands, let us hail this verdict proper;
If a British wife offends you, Britons, you've a right to whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you promised to defend her,
You are welcome to neglect her; to the devil you may send her:

You may strike her, curse, abuse her; so declares our law renowned;
And if after this you lose her — why, you're paid two hundred pound.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THERE's in the Vest a city pleasant,
To vich King Bladud gev his name,
And in that city there's a Crescent,
Vere dwelt a noble knight of fame.

Although that galliant knight is oldish,
Although Sir John as gray, gray air,
Hage has not made his busum coldish,
His Art still beats tewodds the Fair!

'Twas two years sins, this knight so splendid,
Peraps fateagued with Bath's routines,
To paris towne his phootsteps bended
In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,
A nobler, finer gent than he

Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy,
Or paced the Roo de Rivolee.

A brougham and pair Sir John prowided,
In which abroad he loved to ride;
But ar! he most of all enjyed it,
When some one helse was sittin' inside!

That "some one helse" a lovely dame was,
Dear ladies, you will heasy tell —
Countess Grabrowski her sweet name was,
A noble title, ard to spell.

This faymous countess ad a daughter
Of lovely form and tender art;
A nobleman in marridge sought her,
By name the Baron of Saint Bart.

Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,
It was so pewer and profound;
Lady Grabrowski he did urge on,
With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crownd.

"O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"
Says kind Sir John, "and live with me;

The living there's uncommon pleasant —
I'm sure you'll find the hair agree.

" O, come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,
And bring your charming girl," sezee:
" The Barring here shall have the ouse-key,
Vith breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

" And when they've passed an appy winter,
Their opes and loves no more we'll bar;
The marridge-vow they'll enter inter,
And I at church will be their Par."

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent,
Where good Sir John he did provide
No end of teas, and balls incessant,
And hosses both to drive and ride.

He was so Ospitably busy,
When Miss was late, he'd make so bold
Upstairs to call out, " Missy, Missy,
Come down, the coffy's getting cold!"

But O! 'tis sadd to think such bounties
Should meet with such return as this;

O, Barring of Saint Bart, O, Countess
Grabrowski, and O, cruel Miss!

He married you at Bath's fair Habby,
Saint Bart he treated like a son —
And wasn't it uncommon shabby
To do what you have went and done!

My trembling And amost refewses
To write the charge which Sir John swore,
Of which the Countess he ecuses,
Her daughter and her son-in-lore.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of
The fatle charge which now I quote:
He says Miss took his two best rings off,
And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

"Is this the child of honest parince,
To make away with folk's best things?
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,
To go and prig a gentleman's rings?"

Thus thought Sir John, by anger wrought on,
And to rewenge his injured cause,

He brought them hup to Mr. Broughton,
Last Vensday veek as ever waws.

If guiltless, how she have been slandered!
If guilty, wengeance will not fail;
Meanwhile, the lady is remanderd,
And gev three hundred pouns in bail.

JACOB OMNIUM'S HOSS.

A NEW PALLICE COURT CHAUNT.

One sees in Viteall Yard,
Vere pleacemen do resort,
A wenerable hinstitute,
'Tis called the Pallis Court.
A gent as got his i on it,
I think will make some sport.

The natur of this Court
My hindignation riles:
A few fat legal spiders
Here set & spin their viles;

To rob the town theyr privlege is,
In a hayrea of twelve miles.

The Judge of this year Court
Is a mellitary beak,
He knows no more of Lor
Than praps he does of Greek,
And prowides hisself a deputy
Because he cannot speak.

Four counsel in this Court —
Misnamed of Justice — sits;
These lawyers owes their places to
Their money, not their wits;
And there's six attornies under them,
As here their living gits.

These lawyers, six and four,
Was a livin at their ease,
A sendin of their writs abowt,
And droring in the fees,
When their erose a cirkimstance
As is like to make a breeze.

It now is some monce since,
A gent both good and trew

Possest a ansum oss vith vich
He didn know what to do:
Peraps he did not like the oss,
Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss
At Tattersall's did lodge;
There came a wulgar oss-dealer,
This gentleman's name did fodge,
And took the oss from Tattersall's:
Wasn that a artful dodge?

One day this gentleman's groom
This willain did spy out,
A mounted on this oss,
A ridin him about;
"Get out of that there oss, you rogue,"
Speaks up the groom so stout.

The thief was cruel whex'd
To find hisself so pinn'd;
The oss began to whinny,
The honest groom he grinn'd;
And the raskle thief got off the oss
And cut avay like vind.

And phansy with what joy
The master did regard
His dearly bluvd lost oss again
Trot in the stable yard!

Who was this master good
Of whomb I makes these rhymes?
His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire;
And if *I*'d committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't ave that mann
Attack me in the *Times!*

Now, shortly after the groomb
His master's oss did take up,
There came a livery-man
This gentleman to wake up;
And he handed in a little bill,
Which hanger'd Mr. Jacob.

For two pound seventeen
This livery-man eplied,
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's oss,
Which the thief had took to ride.
"Do you see anythink green in me?"
Mr. Jacob Homnium cried.

"Because a raskle chews
My oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your Mews
For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall *I* be called to pay? — It is
A iniquitious Jobb."

Thus Mr. Jacob cut
The conwasation short;
The livery-man went ome,
Detummingd to ave sport,
And summingsd Jacob Homnium, Exquire,
Into the Pallis Court.

Pore Jacob went to Court,
A Counsel for to fix,
And choose a barrister out of the four,
An attorney of the six;
And there he sor these men of Lor,
And watched 'em at their tricks.

The dreadful day of trile
In the Pallis Court did come;
The lawyers said their say,
The Judge looked wery glum,

And then the British Jury cast
Pore Jacob Hom-ni-um.

O, a weary day was that
For Jacob to go through;
The debt was two seventeen,
(Which he no mor owed than you),
And then there was the plaintives costs,
Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,
Which the lawyers they did fix
At the wery moderit figgar
Of ten pound one and six.
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court,
And all its bold ver-dicks!

I cannot settingly tell
If Jacob swaw and cust,
At aving for to pay this sumb,
But I should think he must,
And av drawn a cheque for £24 4*s*. 8*d*.
With most igstreme disgust.

O Pallis Court, you move
My pitty most profound.

A most emusing sport
You thought it, I'll be bound,
To saddle hup a three-pound debt,
With two-and-twenty pound.

Good sport it is to you,
To grind the honest pore;
To pay their just or unjust debts
With eight hundred per cent. for Lor;
Make haste and git your costes in,
They will not last much mor!

Come down from that tribewn,
Thou Shameless and Unjust;
Thou Swindle, picking pockets in
The name of Truth, august;
Come down, thou hoary Blasphemy,
For die thou shalt and must.

And go it, Jacob Homnium,
And ply your iron pen,
And rise up Sir John Jervis,
And shut me up that den;
That sty for fattening lawyers in,
On the bones of honest men.

PLEACEMAN X.

THE SPECULATORS.



THE night was stormy and dark, The town was shut up in sleep: Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or those who'd no beds to keep.

I pass'd through the lonely street, The wind did sing and blow; I could hear the policeman's feet Clapping to and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet; He stood with his 'tato-can In the lonely Haymarket.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags, Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags:

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did walk; And I went and followed those seedy ones, And listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears? Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares.

I wondered more and more: Says one — "Good friend of mine, How many shares have you wrote for? In the Diddlesex Junction line?"

"I wrote for twenty," says Jim, "But they wouldn't give me one;" His comrade straight rebuked him For the folly he had done:

"O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town; *I* always write for five hundred shares, And *then* they put me down."

"And yet you got no shares," Says Jim, "for all your boast;" "I *would* have wrote," says Jack, "but where Was the penny to pay the post?"

"I lost, for I couldn't pay That first instalment up; But here's taters smoking hot — I say Let's stop my boy and sup."

And at this simple feast The while they did regale, I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and tost, And thought of railroad specs., And how money was won and lost.

"Bless railroads everywhere," I said, "and the world's advance; Bless every railroad share In Italy, Ireland, France; For never a beggar need now despair, And every rogue has a chance."

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE FOUNDLING OF SHOREDITCH.

Come, all ye Christian people, and listen to my tail,
It is all about a doctor was travelling by the rail,
By the Heastern Counties Railway. (vich the shares I don't desire),
From Ixworth town in Suffolk, vich his name did not transpire.

A travelling from Bury this Doctor was employed
With a gentleman, a friend of his, vich his name was Captain Loyd;
And on reaching Marks Tey Station, that is next beyond Colchest-
er, a lady entered into them most elegantly dressed.

She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step,
And a pooty little Bayby upon her bussum slep;
The gentlemen received her with kindness and siwillaty,
Pitying this lady for her illness and debillaty.

She had a fust class ticket, this lovely lady said,
Because it was so lonesome she took a secknd instead.
Better to travel by secknd class than sit alone in the fust,
And the pooty little Baby upon her breast she nust.

A seein of her cryin, and shiverin and pail,
To her spoke this surging, the Ero of my tail;
Saysee you look unwell, Ma'am, I'll elp you if I can,
And you may tell your case to me, for I'm a meddicle man.

"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "I only look so pale,
Because I ain't accustom'd to travelling on the Rale;
I shall be better presnly, when I've ad some rest:"
And that pooty little Baby she squeeged it to her breast.

So in conwersation the journey they beguiled,
Capting Loyd and the medical man, and the lady and the child,
Till the warious stations along the line was passed,
For even the Heastern Counties' trains must come in at last.

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,
This kind meddicle gentleman proposed his aid again.
"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "for your kyindness dear;
My carridge and my osses is probbibly come here.

"Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see?"
The Doctor was a famly man: "That I will," says he.
Then the little child she kist, kist it very gently,
Vich was sucking his little fist, sleeping innocently.

With a sigh from her art, as though she would have bust it,
Then she gave the Doctor the child — wery kind he nust it:
Hup then the lady jumped hoff the bench she sat from,
Tumbled down the carridge steps and ran along the platform.

Vile hall the other passengers vent upon their vays,
The Capting and the Doctor sat there in a maze;
Some vent in a Homminibus, some vent in a Cabby,
The Capting and the Doctor vaited vith the babby.

There they sat looking queer, for an hour or more,
But their feller passinger neather on 'em sore:
Never, never back again did that lady come
To that pooty sleeping Hinfnt a suckin of his Thum!

What could this pore Doctor do, bein treated thus,
When the darling Baby woke, cryin for its nuss?
Off he drove to a female friend, vich she was both kind and mild,
And igsplained to her the circumstance of this year little child.

That kind lady took the child instantly in her lap,
And made it very comforable by giving it some pap;
And when she took its close off, what d' you think she found?
A couple of ten pun notes sewn up, in its little gownd!

Also, in its little close, was a note which did conwey,
That this little baby's parents lived in a handsome way:
And for its Headucation they reglarly would pay,
And sirtingly like gentlefolks would claim the child one day,
If the Christian people who'd charge of it would say,
Per adwertisement in the *Times*, where the baby lay.

Pity of this bayby many people took,
It had such pooty ways and such a pooty look;
And there came a lady forrard (I wish that I could see
Any kind lady as would do as much for me;

And I wish with all my art, some night in *my* night gownd,
I could find a note stitched for ten or twenty pound)—
There came a lady forrard, that most honorable did say,
She'd adopt this little baby, which her parents cast away.

While the Doctor pondered on this hoffer fair,
Comes a letter from Devonshire, from a party there,
Hordering the Doctor, at its Mar's desire,
To send the little Infant back to Devonshire.

Lost in apoplexity, this pore meddicle man,
Like a sensable gentleman, to the Justice ran;
Which his name was Mr. Hammill, a honorable beak,
That takes his seat in Worship Street four times a week.

"O Justice!" says the Doctor, "instrugt me what to do,
I've come up from the country, to throw myself on you;
My patients have no doctor to tend them in their ills,
(There they are in Suffolk without their draffts and pills!)

"I've come up from the country, to know how I'll dispose
Of this pore little baby, and the twenty pun note, and the clothes,

And I want to go back to Suffolk, dear Justice, if you
please,
And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor
wants his feez."

Up spoke Mr. Hammill, sittin at his desk,
"This year application does me much perplesk;
What I do adwise you, is to leave this babby
In the Parish where it was left, by its mother shabby."

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart—
He might have left the baby, but he hadn't got the heart,
To go for to leave that Hinnocent, has the laws allows,
To the tender mussies of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger's knee,
Think how cruel you have been, and how good was he!
Think, if you've been guilty, innocent was she;
And do not take unkindly this little word of me:
Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be!

THE END OF THE PLAY.



THE play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's any thing but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,*
As fits the merry Christmas time.

* These verses were printed at the end of a Christmas Book (1848-9), "Dr. Birch and his young Friends."

On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good night! — I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;

The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave? *
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give, or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

* C. B. ob. 29th November, 1848, æt. 42.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead —
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still —
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

OCT 9 1920

22477.55.5
Ballads /
Widener Library
003676428
3 2044 086 839 149